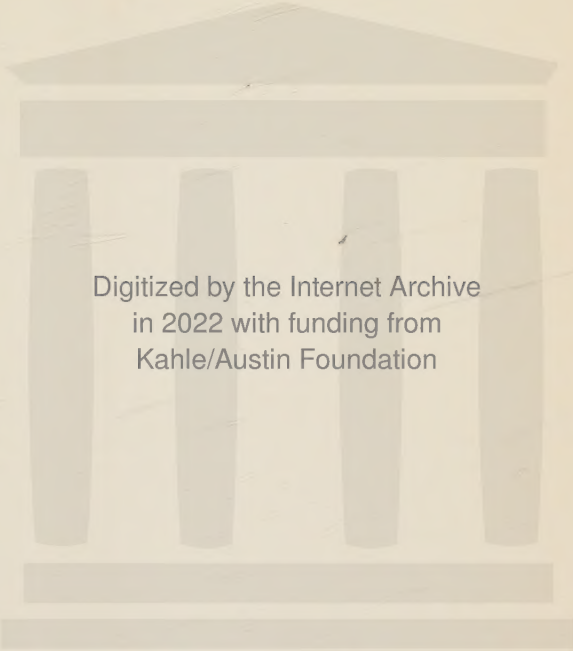
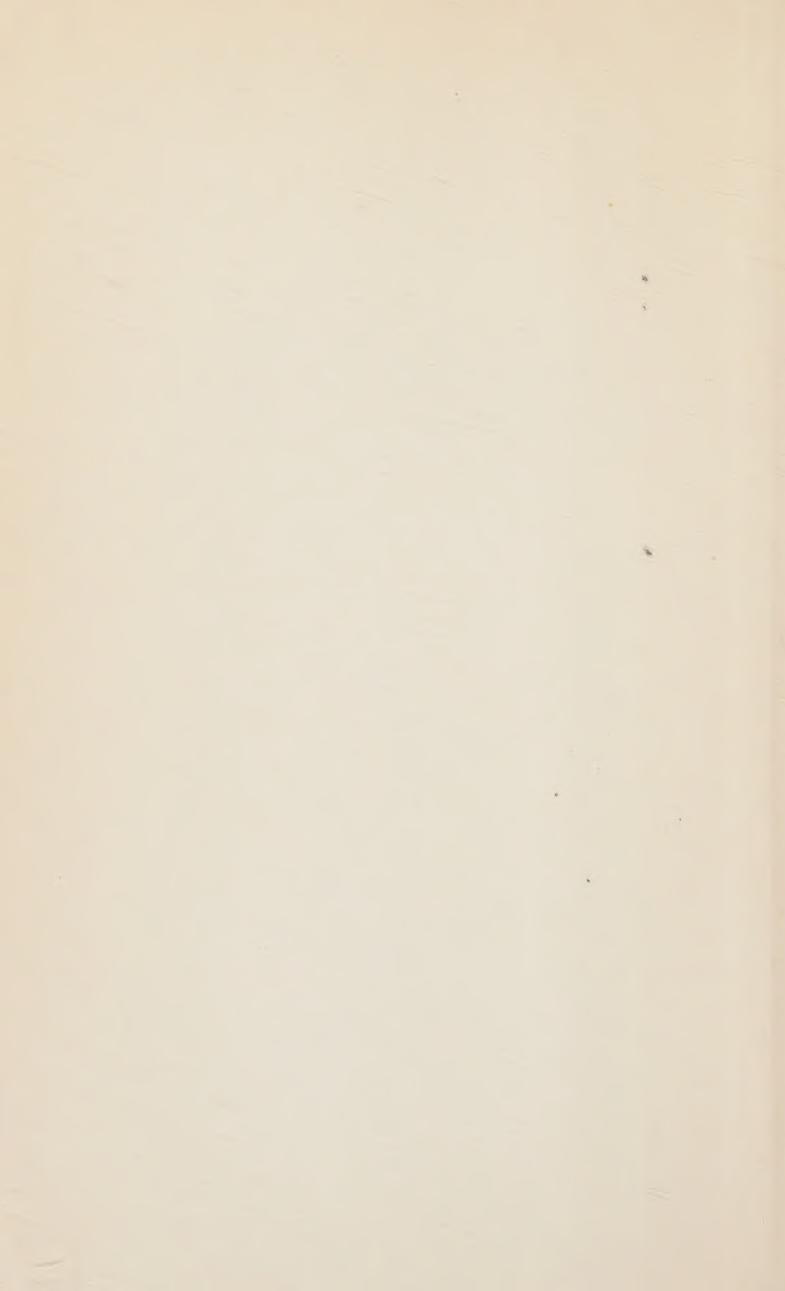


G. M. ELLIOTT LIBRARY
CINCINNATI BIBLE SEMINARY
2700 GLENWAY AVE.
P. O. BOX 04320
CINCINNATI, OHIO 45204-3200



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2022 with funding from
Kahle/Austin Foundation



APT ILLUSTRATIONS FOR PUBLIC ADDRESSES

A. BERNARD WEBBER

APT ILLUSTRATIONS FOR PUBLIC ADDRESSES

ESPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR THE USE OF
MINISTERS, STUDENTS, SUNDAY-SCHOOL
TEACHERS, AND PUBLIC SPEAKERS

BY

A. BERNARD WEBBER

PROPERTY OF
THE CINCINNATI BIBLE SEMINARY LIBRARY



NEW YORK
GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY

COPYRIGHT, 1920,
BY GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY

251.08
W385a

14413

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

PREFACE

Ever since my seminary days I have made a special study of the use and effect of illustrations. The telling of the appropriate incident at the right time has appealed to me as an art which every minister and public speaker should cultivate with great care and thoroughness. So through the years of my ministry I have gathered up from many sources, both in literature and in life, the collection now put forth in this volume in order that others might profit from my experience. My own preaching has been more effective and successful as a result and for this reason I do not hesitate to commend this book to my brother ministers and to all who prepare public addresses.

A. B. W.

Avon, Massachusetts,
February, 1920.

CONTENTS

AFFLICTION.

	PAGE
A STRIKING STORY	19
CECIL AND THE BOOKSELLER	20
THE DAY OF AFFLICTION	21
TROUBLES	22
HE DIED FOR ME	23
CHRIST THE SIN-BEARER	24
THE SUBSTITUTE	24
THE SCHOLAR'S COMFORT	25

BACKSLIDING.

A SAD SIGHT	26
BACKSLIDING	26
A LOST FELLOWSHIP	27

BEREAVEMENT.

THE BEREAVED CONVERTED	28
THE MELLOWING POWER OF BEREAVEMENT	28

BIBLE.

THE BIBLE	29
THE OLD BOOK	29
BIBLE	29
LINCOLN AND THE PREACHERS	30
DICKENS AND THE BIBLE	30
THE BIBLE A MOSAIC	31
THE CHARM OF THE BIBLE	31
THE BIBLE A LAMP UNTO OUR FEET	32
THE WORD IS SURE	33
PROVIDING LIGHT	33
CELEBRATING THE BIBLE	34
THE DYING SOLDIER	34
RUSKIN'S BIBLE	35
A SEARCH WARRANT	36

BLASPHEMY.

LOOK TO YOUR POCKETS	38
SWEARING	38
PROFANE SWEARING	38

BURDENS.

PAGE

BURDEN BEARING	40
BURDENS	40

CHEERFULNESS.

BORROWED SUNSHINE	42
LOOK PLEASANT.	43

CHILDREN.

CHILDREN'S HELP	44
"AND A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM"	45
"THE LAMB IN HIS ARMS"	46
EASTER BUNNIES	47
TAKING THE CHILDREN	47

CHRIST.

CHRIST'S WINSOMENESS	49
CHRIST	50
CHRIST OUR REST-STONE	50
A RUSSIAN LEGEND	51
THE VISION OF CHRIST	51
FACE TO FACE	52
CHRIST OUR LADDER	53

CHRISTIANS.

SLEEPING	55
SLIGHT DEVIATIONS	55
SHOW YOUR COLORS	56
PASS THE WORD ALONG	57
BESETTING SINS.	57
FOLLOW YOUR LEADER	58
A DUKE'S EXAMPLE	58
A MARTYR FOR CHRIST	59
PULPIT REFLECTORS	59
NO DIFFERENCE BETWEEN CHRISTIANS AND THE BOOK	60
DEPENDABLE CHRISTIANS	61
SERVANTS OF CHRIST	61
THE FISHERMAN AND THE LIGHT	62

CHRISTMAS.

AN EXCUSE TO BE KIND	65
--------------------------------	----

CHURCH.

GOD'S PRESENCE IN HIS HOUSE	66
REVERENCING THE SANCTUARY	66
THE TRUE SPIRIT	66
NOT AT HOME	67
THE CHURCH'S GREAT NEED	67

CONTENTS

ix

CONFESSION.

PAGE

I WAS WRONG	69
-----------------------	----

CONFIDENCE.

CONFIDENCE	70
----------------------	----

CONSCIENCE.

GOD'S VOICE TO A CHILD	71
WHAT WE HEAR	71

COURAGE.

COURAGE AND COWARDICE	72
IT TAKES COURAGE	72
THE SECRET OF FEARLESSNESS	73

CONVERSION.

THE CONVERSION OF ST. AUGUSTINE	74
IT TAKES COURAGE TO CONFESS CHRIST	75
CLEANSING	76
A SKEPTIC'S CONVERSION	76

CROSS.

A PLACE OF SAFETY	78
THE CROSS	78

DEATH.

THE BLISS OF DYING	79
READY TO GO	79
THE TOMB FORGETS NO ONE	80
THE DEATH OF JOHN HUSS	80
TO DIE IS GAIN	81

DETERMINATION.

A DETERMINED MAN	82
KEEP ON CLIMBING	82

DUTY.

DUTY IN LITTLE THINGS	84
AMBITION VERSUS DUTY	84
THE SAFE PATH OF DUTY	85
DAILY DUTIES	85

EASTER.

ONE MORNING IN JUDEA	86
AN ANCIENT GREETING	87
EASTER FINERY	87
THE RESURRECTION	87

FAITH.	PAGE
FAITH IS SURE	89
FAITH SUBLIME	89
FAITH AND ITS GROWTH	90
A SUNSET FANCY	90
HOW TO COME TO CHRIST	91
A CHILD'S FAITH	91
THE SIMPLICITY OF FAITH	92
VENTURE ON HIM	92
WILD FAITH	93
FAITH AND WORKS	94
MIGHTY FAITH	94
SIMPLE FAITH	95
TRIUMPH OF FAITH	95

FELLOWSHIP.

ONE LANGUAGE	97
------------------------	----

FORGIVENESS.

RETURNING GOOD FOR EVIL	98
THE SUN IS ALMOST DOWN	98
MATTHEW HALE'S ENEMY.	99
THE COLORED WOMAN AND THE SAILOR	99
THE FORGIVENESS OF GOD	100
FORGIVENESS OF INJURIES	100

GIVING.

MORE TO FOLLOW	102
GOD'S BOUNTY	102
SPIRIT OF GIVING	103
A NOBLE GIFT	103
FEELING IN THE WRONG PLACE	104
GIVE ALL YOU CAN	104
A GENEROUS SOUL	105
GIVING	105

GOD.

GOD'S PRESENCE	107
GOD LOVES ME	107
GOD'S LOVE	108
GOD IS LOVE	108
GOD'S CARE	109
GOD'S PATIENCE	109
GOD'S POWER	110
GOD'S PITY	111

GOSSIPING.

NOT BUSYBODIES	112
SLANDER	112

CONTENTS

xi

HEAVEN.

PAGE

THREE WONDERS IN HEAVEN	114
"YOU WILL BE A DUKE, BUT I SHALL BE A KING"	115
THE CHILD'S ANSWERS	115
THE WAY TO HEAVEN	116

HOLY SPIRIT.

THE MOTIVE POWER	117
LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS	117
THE PERSONALITY OF THE HOLY SPIRIT	118

HOME.

HOME	119
IF EVERY HOME WERE AN ALTAR	119
HOME, SWEET HOME!	120
THREE LESSONS FOR CHILDREN	120

HONESTY.

THE HONEST HORSE TRADERS	122
THE TWO FARMERS	122
THE POOR BOY AND THE WALLET	123
THE BEGGAR AND DR. SMOLLETT	123

HOPE.

HOPE	124
BISHOP BEVERIDGE AND HIS FRIENDS	124
HOPE AND ITS REWARD	125

HUMILITY.

THE HUMBLE FIT FOR HIGHEST SERVICE	126
--	-----

JOY.

SHARING JOY.	127
----------------------	-----

JUDGMENT.

PHOTOGRAPHING THE HEART	128
GOD SHALL BRING EVERY WORK INTO JUDGMENT	128
THE DARK DAY AND THE LEGISLATOR	129
EVERLASTING PUNISHMENT	130

KINDNESS.

LIKE JESUS	131
A CUP OF COLD WATER	131
IT PAYS TO BE KIND	132

	LOVE.	PAGE
LOOK AT THE GAUGE		133
MENIAL TOIL		133
AN ARTIST'S CONFESSION		133
THY LOVE HAS WON		134
A SERVANT'S LOVE		135
LOVING CHRIST BETTER THAN RELATIVES		135
NONE BUT CHRIST		135
"LOVEST THOU ME?"		136
ENDURING LOVE		136

MARTYRS.

IN THE FURNACE	138
AN OLD MARTYR FOR CHRIST	138
DEATH OF JEROME	139
HOOPER AT THE STAKE	139

MOTHER.

MOTHERHOOD HONORED	140
A MOTHER'S LOVE	140
A GREAT MISTAKE	141
THY MOTHER	141
THE NOBLEST WORK OF GOD	142
MOTHER'S FACE.	142

OBEDIENCE.

WHAT ARE HIS MARCHING ORDERS	144
OBEDIENCE	145

OPPORTUNITY.

THE COMMON PLACE	146
NEGLECTED OPPORTUNITIES	147

PRAYER.

ANSWERED PRAYER	148
A MODEL PRAYER	148
LIVING UP TO CHRIST'S PRAYER	148
PRAYER	150
REVIVAL THROUGH PRAYER	151
SOMETHING TO STAND ON	152
WORKS AS WELL AS PRAYERS	152
STEEPED IN PRAYER	153
NATION'S LEADERS KNELT IN PRAYER	153
WESLEY'S GRATITUDE	154
THE SENTINEL	155
WE BLESS THY NAME	155

CONTENTS

xiii

PAGE

THIS, LORD, WE ASK	156
WAITING	157
ANSWERED PRAYERS	157

PERSISTENCE.

PERSISTENCE REWARDED	159
--------------------------------	-----

PREACHING.

A GENTLE VOICE	160
NOT TAKING ORDERS	160
MAKE EACH PAINTING THE BEST	161
HARPOONS ON BOARD	161
PREACHING SELF AND CHRIST	162

PROHIBITION.

THE ONLY SAFE WAY	163
WHAT DRINK DOES	163
SEVEN GOOD REASONS FOR PROHIBITION	164
A LITTLE HERO	165
BOTTLES AND RAGS	166
A FEW FACTS	166
LLOYD GEORGE ON DRINK	167
THE TWO WORKERS	167

REPENTANCE.

A BOY'S REBUKE	169
LATE REPENTANCE	169

REVENGE.

A CHRISTIAN GIRL'S REVENGE	171
VENGEANCE IS MINE	172
REVENGE	172

SACRIFICE.

DR. LIVINGSTON ON SACRIFICE	174
SELF-SACRIFICE	174

SALVATION.

THE WAY OF SALVATION	176
ALMOST SAVED	177
CLEANSED FROM SIN	177

SERVICE.

A GOOD INVESTMENT	179
USEFUL VERSUS ORNAMENTAL	179
SERVICE	180
THE PLACE OF THE VISION	180

SIN.

A HEAVY BURDEN	181
SIN READY TO ENTER	182

	PAGE
NOT SLAVISHLY AFRAID OF HIS SINS	182
ONLY A BROKEN KNIFE-POINT	183
RUNNING FROM SIN	184
DANGER OF SIN	184

SOUL WINNING.

FISHERS OF MEN	185
FOREIGN MISSIONS	185
BROTHERLINESS	186
FATHER SAVES HIS SON	186

SUNDAY.

KEEP THE SABBATH DAY	188
--------------------------------	-----

THANKSGIVING.

A SONG OF THANKSGIVING	189
WE ARE COMING	189
IN EVERYTHING GIVE THANKS	191
WE GIVE THANKS	192
THANKSGIVING DAY	192

TRINITY.

THE ARITHMETIC OF HEAVEN.	194
-----------------------------------	-----

TRUST.

TRUST THE PROMISES	195
------------------------------	-----

UNITY.

VICTORY WON THROUGH UNITY	196
-------------------------------------	-----

WEALTH.

THE LOVE OF MONEY	198
RICH FOR A MOMENT	198
A SUDDEN CALL	199

MISCELLANEOUS.

MY ENEMY	200
GOOD FRUITS	200
LUTHER'S ARGUMENT WITH SATAN	201
LITTLE THINGS	201
MORE THAN WE ASK	202
A GOOD NEIGHBOR	202
KEEP THE LIGHTS BRIGHT	202
THE LAST WORDS OF IGNATIUS	203
WHAT PERSUASION?	203
THE MYSTERY OF GOD'S LOVE	204
THE INDIAN'S OLD BLANKET	204
A SERMON FROM SHOES	205
MILLIONS FOR AN INCH OF TIME	206
PROGRESS	207

CONTENTS

XV

PAGE

NOT WHAT I WAS	207
FRUITS FROM A SUNDAY CLASS	208
THE BIRTH OF A GREAT HYMN	208
OCCUPIED WITH JESUS	209
THE INTERNAL CONFLICT	210
NO RETREAT	210
PEACE ALREADY MADE	211
A PRODIGAL	211
COMING TO CHRIST	212
CARVING A CHARACTER	212
A SERMON TO ONE HEARER	212
A WARNING UNHEEDED	214
SELF-RIGHTEOUSNESS	215
FAITHFULNESS REQUIRED	215
NEVER BE HAUGHTY	216
THE PRECIOUS BLOOD OF CHRIST	216
THE INNOCENCE OF CHRIST	217
USE OF THE CROSS	218
THE REJECTION OF CHRIST	218
A WILLING SACRIFICE	219
TOO LATE	220
A HEART FOR HEAVEN	221
REFRESHING WATER	221
FOOLISH DICK	221
THY WILL BE DONE	222
THE LIGHT IN THE WINDOW	223
FOLLOWING CHRIST FULLY	223
IN THE HOLLOW OF HIS HAND	224
THE HELP OF FEELING CHRIST NEAR	224
NOT READY FOR DEATH	224
THE STRONGEST LOVE	225
DR. CHALMERS' CONGREGATION	225

APT ILLUSTRATIONS FOR PUBLIC ADDRESSES

AFFLICTION

A STRIKING STORY

We recall a striking story from the lips of a friend. A lady was summering in Switzerland. One day she started out for a stroll. Presently, as she climbed up the mountain side, she came to a shepherd's hut. She walked to the door and looked in. There sat the shepherd. Around him lay his flock. Near at hand, on a pile of straw, lay a single sheep. It seemed to be suffering. Scanning it closely, the lady saw that its leg was broken. At once her sympathy went out to the suffering sheep. She looked up inquiringly to the shepherd. "How did it happen?" she said. To her amazement, the shepherd answered, "Madam, I broke that sheep's leg." A look of pain swept over the visitor's face. Seeing it, the shepherd went on, "Madam, of all the sheep in the flock, this one was the most wayward. It never would obey my voice. It never would follow in the pathway in which I was leading the flock. It wandered to the verge of many a perilous cliff and dizzy abyss and not only was it disobedient itself, but it was ever leading the other sheep of my flock astray. I had before had

experience with sheep of this kind. So I broke its leg. The first day I went to it with food, it tried to bite me. I let it alone for a couple of days. Then I went back to it. And now, it not only took the food, but licked my hand, and showed every sign of submission and affection, and now let me tell you something. When this sheep is well, as it soon will be, it will be the model sheep of the flock. No sheep will hear my voice so quickly. None will follow so closely at my side. Instead of leading its mates astray, it will now be an example and a guide for the wayward ones, leading them, with itself, in the path of obedience to my call. In short, a complete transformation will have come into the life of this wayward sheep. It has learned obedience through its sufferings."

(Exchange)

CECIL AND THE BOOKSELLER

Many years ago, a pious and devoted clergyman entered the shop of a prosperous London bookseller, with whom he was on terms of intimate and Christian friendship. He inquired for his friend, and when told that he was at home, but particularly engaged, sent a messenger to him to the effect that he wanted an interview with him, if but for a few minutes. This message being delivered, the clergyman was invited to walk upstairs, into the bookseller's sitting-room. He entered the room, and found his friend sitting by his child's cot. The child was dying, but, with affection strong in death, it had clasped its father's hand, and was holding it with a convulsive grasp.

“You are a father,” said the afflicted parent, “or I should not have allowed you to witness such a scene.”

“Thank God, thank God!” fervently exclaimed the minister, as he instinctively comprehended at a glance the situation of his friend; “thank God! He has not forgotten you! I have been much troubled on your account, my dear sir. I have thought much about you lately. I have been much afraid for you. Things have gone on so well with you for so long a time, you have been so prosperous, that I have been almost afraid that God had forgotten you. But I said to myself, surely God will not forsake such a man as this; will not suffer him to go on in prosperity, without some check, some reverse! And I see he has not. No; God has not forgotten you.”

These were the sentiments of Richard Cecil on the design of affliction; and his friend, Thomas Williams, thankfully and joyfully responded to them. Within three weeks of his death, he related the incident, as it is related here, and the feeling of his heart was, “He hath done all things well.”

THE DAY OF AFFLICTION

“In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble and the strong men shall bow themselves.”

It is told of the saintly Joseph Alleine, that in his last illness he suddenly lost the use of all his limbs. Looking at his dead hands, he said, “The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, and

blessed be the name of the Lord.” Some of his old friends having gathered round him, he said to them, “I have lived a sweet life by the promises, and I hope, through grace, can die by a promise. It is the promises of God, which are everlasting, that will stand by us. Nothing but God in them will steady us in a day of affliction.”

“TROUBLES”

“When in Amsterdam, Holland, last summer,” says a traveler, “I was much interested in a visit we made to a place then famous for polishing diamonds. We saw the men engaged in the work. When a diamond is found it is rough and dark like a common pebble. It takes a long time to polish it, and it is very hard work. It is held by means of a piece of metal close to the surface of a large wheel, which is kept going around. Fine diamond dust is put on this wheel, nothing else being hard enough to polish the diamond. And this work is kept on for months and sometimes for several years before it is finished. And if a diamond is intended for a king then the greater trouble and time are spent upon it.”

Jesus calls His people His jewels. To fit them for beautifying His crown, they must be polished like diamonds, and He makes use of the troubles He sends to polish His jewels.

ATONEMENT

HE DIED FOR ME.

Some time after the Civil War, a man was seen in the cemetery of a Southern state decorating a soldier's grave, and placing a tomb stone at the head of it. Some one asked him "Is your son buried in this grave?" "No," said the man, "he was not my son." "Was he your brother?" "No, he was not my brother." "Well, how was he related to you?" "He was of no relation whatever to me," said the man, "but he died for me."

Then he related that during the war he was drafted, and not having the means to buy a substitute, he would have to go to war, leaving his wife and children in a state of destitution. "Then the young man who lies buried here had offered to go in my place. He was wounded in one of the battles, died in the hospital and was buried here. This is where and what I would be now, if he had not taken my place. Therefore, I say he died for me, and I have come to set up this memorial stone over his grave, as an expression of my love and gratitude."

Thus we, too, can say Jesus died for me. He was my substitute. He suffered and died in my place. These are the emblems of his broken body and his shed blood, and we are met here to celebrate the memorial of his death.

CHRIST THE SIN-BEARER

An old servant was once carrying a large bough of a tree to have it cut into pieces to make a fire. A little boy, one of the family, seeing the end of it dragging along the ground and making it very heavy, came and took hold of the end, and the burden grew light. Then said the servant, "Ah! Master Frank, I wish you could take hold of one end of the greater burden that I have to carry; I have a burden of sin; the more I drag it about, the heavier it becomes. I wish Jesus Christ would take hold of one end of it." The little boy said, "My mother told me, yesterday, that Jesus Christ carries all our sins; therefore you do not want Jesus Christ to drag one end of it: he will take the whole of it." The poor woman, who had been long seeking rest, found it by that remark of the child. Yes, Jesus does take your sins. If thou trustest Christ, this is the evidence that all thy sins are laid on him.

"Sinner, nothing do,
Either great or small;
Jesus did it all, did it all,
Long, long ago."

THE SUBSTITUTE

"Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many."

A good old Christian woman in humble life was once asked, as she lay on her dying pillow, the ground of her hope for eternity. She replied, with

great composure, "I rely on the justice of God;" but seeing that the reply excited surprise, added, "justice, not to me, but to my Substitute, in whom I trust."

THE SCHOLAR'S COMFORT

"I have taken much pains," says the learned Selden, "to know everything that was esteemed worth knowing amongst men; but with all my disquisitions and reading, nothing now remains with me to comfort me, at the close of life, but this passage of St. Paul, 'It is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners': to this I cleave, and herein I find rest."

BACKSLIDING

A SAD SIGHT

“It is a miserable thing to be a backslider. Of all unhappy things to befall a man,” says Ryle, “I suppose it is the worst.” A stranded ship, a broken-winged Eagle, a garden overrun with weeds, a harp without strings, a church in ruins—all these are sad sights; but a backslider is a sadder sight still.”

BACKSLIDING

Says Dr. Wm. Wright, “Palestine is literally a place of backsliding. The natives travel barefooted, but when shod, their footwear consists of flat-soled sandals or shoes without heels to catch the ground, and when they ascend hills, especially if the ground is soft, they are always slipping back. The native animals are remarkably surefooted, but in their heelless plates they are helpless when ascending rocks worn slippery by the traffic of smooth-footed animals for thousands of years.” This explains to Western people why the Bible writers, living in Palestine, chose the term “backsliding” to apply to one who from a high place in God’s love and service, slips back into coldness, indifference and sin. It also explains why God, who knows our weakness, often turns

our feet away from the smooth paths of prosperity where danger of backsliding is greatest, and calls us to walk on rougher roads. It is as our hand is clasped firmly by the One who walked the earth-road without a slip, that we can walk securely even in the slippery places, and find abundant strength for joyous walking over even the roughest roads.

A LOST FELLOWSHIP

I once asked a brother how long it was since he had enjoyed fellowship with Jesus. His reply was remarkable. "I feel sorry," said he, "you have asked me that question, and yet I must thank you. Had you asked me whether I continued in prayer, I would have said, 'Yes,' for with more or less fervor, I do constantly pray. Had you inquired whether I endeavored to walk honestly and uprightly before my fellow creatures, I should have said, 'Yes, thank God, I hope I have not slipped with my feet;' but when you say, 'How long is it since you have had fellowship with Jesus?' I blush to own that many a day has passed since I have known this high privilege." Is that so with you, my dear brothers and sisters in Christ? If so, it is very, very, sad.

(Charles H. Spurgeon)

BEREAVEMENT

THE BEREAVED CONVERTED

An impenitent man in Boston was bereaved of a little son. He felt the stroke severely, and his attention was called up to the subject of religion. But his grief at length subsided, and serious impressions wore off. Ere long God took away another little boy from him. His convictions were renewed with his sorrows, and he sought and found comfort in Christ.

Speaking of his experience in a conference and prayer meeting, he sweetly said, "God, in taking away my son, revealed to me his own Son a thousand times more precious than my own."

THE MELLOWING POWER OF BEREAVEMENT

It was a custom of the ancients to hang skins of wine in the smoke of a fire to refine and mellow it by the warmth and so the sooner to bring it to perfection. So the Psalmist says, "that is what God has put me in the furnace of trial for, to refine me."

BIBLE

THE BIBLE

It is told of Sir Walter Scott, that in the feebleness of his last hours, when the pen had dropped from his nerveless fingers, and his mind had felt the shock of exhausting labors, he asked his son-in-law, Lockhart, to read to him. "What shall I read?" said Lockhart. "Need you ask? There is but one book," was the reply. Surrounded by a vast library of books in all languages, he yet felt, in his dying hours, that there was but one Book worth listening to. Lockhart read to him the fourteenth chapter of John.

THE OLD BOOK

We search the world for truth; we cull
The good, the pure, the beautiful,
From graven stone and written scroll,
From all old flower-fields of the soul;
And weary seekers of the best,
We come back laden from our quest
To find that all the sages said
Is in the Book our mother read.
(J. G. Whittier)

BIBLE

It is related of Napoleon that when Martin Duroc, an avowed infidel, was once telling a very

improbable story, giving it as his opinion that it was true, the emperor remarked, "There are some men who are capable of believing everything but the Bible."

LINCOLN AND THE PREACHERS

I talked recently with an old man who heard the Lincoln and Douglas debate at Bloomington, Ill., who said "I remember Lincoln quoted Scripture like a preacher." Browne, one of his biographers, wrote: "He made frequent use of Bible language and of illustrations drawn from Holy Writ. It is said that when he was preparing his Springfield speech of 1858, he spent hours trying to find language to express the central idea. Finally a Bible passage flashed through his mind, and he exclaimed, 'A house divided against itself cannot stand.' " (Mark 3, 25.) In his second inaugural he quoted twice from Matthew and once from Psalms. It would seem that in every crisis of his life he sought Bible inspiration and divine guidance. While he was running for Congress, he declared his religious attitude when, pulling a small Bible from his pocket, he said to a ministerial friend, "If I read this Book aright, every preacher ought to be with me in this contest."

DICKENS AND THE BIBLE

When Charles Dickens's youngest son was about to leave home and go to Australia this is what the great novelist wrote to him:

"I put a New Testament among your books for

the same reasons, and with the very same hopes, that made me write an easy account of it for you when you were a little child—because it is the best book that ever was, or will be, known in the world, and because it teaches you the best lessons by which any human creature can possibly be guided.

“As your brothers have gone away, one by one, I have written to each such words as I am now writing to you, and have entreated them all to guide themselves by this book, putting aside the interpretations and inventions of man. You will remember that you have never at home been harassed about religious observances or formalities. I have always been anxious not to weary my children with such things before they are old enough to form opinions respecting them. You will therefore understand the better that I now most solemnly impress upon you the truth and beauty of the Christian religion as it came from Christ Himself, and the impossibility of your going far wrong if you humbly and heartily respect it.”

THE BIBLE A MOSAIC

The Bible, like the sky, is most varied. It is a book full of sorrow, and a book full of joy. The Bible is a mosaic; and each part will bear the microscopic view of an admiring eye.

THE CHARM OF THE BIBLE

There is such a charm about the Bible, that he who reads it little may never perhaps feel the

whole of it. It is something like the Maelstrom you have heard of, only in a different and more excellent sense. The Maelstrom is a great whirlpool on the coast of Norway. A ship at a long distance from it will feel a little of its attracting influence, a very little, yet enough to make it veer from its course; but the nearer it floats to the center the stronger becomes the current, and the more forcibly is the vessel carried along by it, until at last, if the ship should be so unhappy as to near it, it would whirl round at a tremendous rate until was thoroughly engulfed in its depths. In a higher and better sense the like is true of the Bible. The nearer you go to it, and the more closely you study it, the more rapidly do you revolve in its circles, the more voraciously do you devour its contents, until at last you are swallowed up in its glory, and long for nothing else than to prove the heights and depths of this bliss unfathomable—the love of God revealed to us in Christ, in his sacred Word. Truly, of this book, we may say, “Thou hast the dew of thy youth.”

(Charles H. Spurgeon)

THE BIBLE A LAMP UNTO OUR FEET

Dr. Alexander of Princeton once described a little glowworm which took a step so small that it could hardly be measured, but as it moved across the fields at midnight there was just enough light in its glow to light up a step ahead, and so as it moved forward it moved always in the light.

This Word is also a light unto the path; that is, it throws its light ahead, and while the way at

our feet is brightened, here in this book we find light upon troublesome problems affecting our future, and we go forth in faith rejoicing in the lamp and the light.

(J. Wilbur Chapman)

THE WORD IS SURE

I was one day walking the street of Shanghai, China, and was saying good-by to a missionary, when he noticed that I was looking at his white hair, and yet he had not reached middle life. He said, "You are wondering about my hair. I think when you knew me at home my hair was black," and then he said, "My hair turned white during the Boxer uprising in China. With my wife and little boy I was imprisoned, and the Boxers came one night and said, 'to-morrow morning you must die.' And we really suffered agony in the thought that we should never see the home land again and never be with our loved ones again. In the night my hair turned white, so great was my suffering, but never for a single moment did God's promises fail me, and His Word was my sure report."

PROVIDING LIGHT

A train was sweeping along in the bright sunshine, when an attendant passed through the cars and lighted the lamps. The passengers wondered why this should be done at midday; but while they were talking about it, asking what it meant, the train plunged into a long, dark tunnel. Then all understood why the lamps had been lighted back there in the sunshine. This providing of light

in advance prepared for the gloom of the tunnel's deep night. This illustrates what God's words stored in the heart do for us when our path suddenly bends into the darkness. . . . He who in the sunny days has not made the divine promises his own, when trouble comes has no comforts to sustain him. But he who has pondered the holy Word and laid up in memory its precious truths and assurances, when called to pass through affliction has light in his dwelling.

(*Dr. J. R. Miller*)

CELEBRATING THE BIBLE

In the deep dust of the highway in the town of Mexico, north of Manila, says a writer in the *Christian Herald*, I tramped with two thousand others, with bands and gorgeous flags, celebrating the introduction of Protestantism in that place. Thousands of brown faces looked out upon us from the Filipino homes set in palms. In the procession were two remarkable floats. One of them had a representation of a padlocked Bible, seven feet by four—to suggest the hundreds of years of a closed Bible under the ecclesiastical order. The other float had the figures of four young men, Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, writing the Gospel in an open book. Behind them was painted a sunrise, prophetic of the new day, with the open Bible for the heart-thirst of the people.

THE DYING SOLDIER

In the memorable conflict at Waterloo, a soldier, mortally wounded, was conveyed to the rear by a

comrade, and at a distance from the battle was laid down under a tree. The dying man requested to have his knapsack opened, that he might obtain from it his pocket Bible. He then requested his comrade to read to him, if but a small portion of it, before he should breathe his last. He was asked what passage he would have read to him, and he fixed upon John 14:27: "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." "Now," said the dying soldier, "I die happy. I desired to have peace with God, and I possess the peace of God which passeth all understanding."

A little while after, one of the officers passed near, and seeing him in such an exhausted state, asked him how he felt. He replied, "I die happy, for I enjoy the peace of God which passeth all understanding"; and then expired.

RUSKIN'S BIBLE

"This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth; but thou shalt meditate therein day and night."

John Ruskin writes thus in his "Outlines of Scenes and Thoughts in my Past Life": "I have just opened my oldest (in use) Bible; a small, closely, and very neatly printed volume it is, printed in Edinburgh by Sir D. Hunter, Blain & J. Bruce, in 1816. Yellow now with age, and flexible, but not unclean, with much use, except that the lowest corners of the pages at 1 Kings viii and Deuteronomy xxxii are worn somewhat thin and

dark, and learning of these two chapters having cost me much pains. My mother's list of the chapters with which, thus learned, she established my soul in life, has just fallen out of it. I will take what indulgence the incurious reader can give me for printing the list thus accidentally occurrent.

Exodus xv, xx.

2 Samuel i, from seventeenth verse to the end.

1 Kings viii.

Psalms xxiii, xxxii, xc, xci, cii, cxii, cxix, cxxxix.

Proverbs, ii, iii, viii, xii.

Isaiah lviii.

Matthew v, vi, vii.

Acts xxvi.

1 Corinthians xiii, xv.

James iv.

Revelations v, vi.

"And truly, though I have picked up the elements of a little further knowledge—in mathematics, meteorology, and the like—in after life, and owe not a little to the teaching of many people, this maternal installation of my mind in that property of chapters I count very confidently the most precious, and, on the whole, the one essential part of all my education."

▲ SEARCH WARRANT

A Roman Catholic priest in Ireland recently discovered a peasant reading the Bible, and reproved him for daring to peruse a book forbidden to the laity. The peasant proceeded to justify himself by a reference to the contents of the Book

and the holy doctrines which it taught. The priest replied that the doctrines could only be understood by the learned, and that ignorant men would wrest them to their own destruction. "But," said the peasant, "I am authorized, your reverence, to read the Bible; I have a search-warrant." "What do you mean, sir?" said the priest in anger. "Why," replied the peasant, "Jesus Christ says, 'Search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and they are they which testify of Me.' " Of course the argument was unanswerable.

BLASPHEMY

LOOK TO YOUR POCKETS

“Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain.”

Howard the philanthropist was standing in a crowd by the door of a post-office, when a man uttered a volley of oaths. “Look to your pockets!” cried Howard, buttoning up his own tightly. “Always take care of your pockets when you find yourself amongst swearers. He who will take God’s name in vain will think little of taking your purse, or doing anything else that is evil.”

SWEARING

It is interesting to know that when St. Paul’s Cathedral was in building, Sir Christopher Wren, the architect, caused a printed notice to be affixed to the scaffolding, threatening with instant dismissal any workman guilty of swearing within those sacred precincts.

PROFANE SWEARING

A poor shepherd addicted to the habit of swearing was gently reminded by a minister who heard him of the Scripture precept, “Swear not at all”; to which he replied, he “meant no harm, ’twas

only a way he'd got." "True, my friend," was the minister's answer, "but the same Book tells you and me, 'There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death.' "

BURDENS

BURDEN BEARING

An aged, weary woman, carrying a heavy basket, got into the train with me the other day, and when she was seated she still kept the heavy burden upon her arm. "Lay your burden down, mum," said the kindly voice of a working man. "Lay your burden down, mum: the train will carry both it and you." Aye, that's it! God will undertake for us, and bear us up, if we will but cast our cares upon Him.

(J. H. Jowett)

BURDENS

"For mine iniquities are gone over mine head: as an heavy burden they are too heavy for me."

There is a gateway at the entrance of a narrow passage in London, over which is written, "No burdens allowed to pass through."

"And yet we do pass constantly with ours," said one friend to another, as they turned up this passage out of a more frequented and broader thoroughfare. They carried no visible burdens, but they were like many who, although they had no outward pack upon their shoulders, often stoop inwardly beneath the pressure of a heavy load upon the heart. The worst burdens are those which never meet the eye.

There is another gate—one which we are in-

vited to enter, and must enter, if we would ever attain to rest and peace, and over which is also inscribed, "No burdens allowed to pass through." This is the straight gate which leads to life; and by it stands One who opened the narrow way to which it leads saying to each one of us, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

CHEERFULNESS

BORROWED SUNSHINE

"You don't get much sunshine in here, do you?" said a gentle old lady as we entered the elevator at the back of the big department store.

"Only what folks like you bring in, ma'am," answered the elevator man with instinctive courtesy. "Some folks carry enough sunshine 'round with 'em to light others up a bit."

How many people, I thought, as I stepped out a moment later, are dependent on others for all the sunshine they get in their lives, and how few of us carry enough extra sunshine around with us to lighten even one dark corner! For all the cheer the passing stranger gets from us we might as well cover our faces with thick veils. Let us smile and look happy as we go about the streets and into the stores on errands. Maybe we're intrusted with only rays of sunshine that some people will see all day long.

Let us smile and look happy as we go about our work, too, in school or office or home. Work thrives best in the sunshine, just as plants do, and maybe our smiles will make our fellow workers happier in their tasks; certainly our own will go better.

LOOK PLEASANT

We cannot, of course, all be handsome,
And it's hard for us all to be good,
We are sure now and then to be lonely,
And we don't always do as we should.

To be patient is not always easy,
To be cheerful is much harder still,
But at least we can always be pleasant,
If we make up our minds that we will.

And it pays every time to be kindly,
Although you feel worried or blue,
If you smile at the world and look cheerful,
The world will soon smile back at you.

So try to brace up and look pleasant,
No matter how low you are down,
Good humor is always contagious,
But you banish your friends when you
frown.

(A. F. C.)

CHILDREN

CHILDREN'S HELP

“Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right.”

There was a terrible storm one cold winter's night, a few years ago, and a ship was wrecked just opposite a fishing village in the north. The crew got into a boat and rowed for the shore. They were not a dozen yards from the beach when their boat grounded on a sand-bar, and stuck fast. The fishermen ran down to help them, and the sailors flung them a rope, and told them to pull with all their might. The fishermen did so; but, though they were very fine fellows, they could not manage it. Then their wives said, “Let us take hold, and pull, too.” But though the women strained every nerve, the boat did not move! At last the children asked to join in; and those who could got hold of the rope, and the rest got hold of their fathers' smocks and their mothers' gowns, and then came the “long pull! and the strong pull! and the pull All Together!” and the thing was done! the boat shot over the sand-bar, and the poor shipwrecked sailors were saved!

The children's weight made all the difference in the pull!

“AND A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM.”

A young man had been extremely profane, and thought little of the matter. After his marriage to a high-minded, lovely wife, the habit appeared to him in a different light, and he made spasmodic efforts to conquer it. But not until some years had passed did he become victor, when the glownig evil was set before him, by a little incident, in its real shocking sinfulness.

One Sunday morning, standing before the mirror shaving, the razor slipped, inflicting a slight wound. True to his fixed habit he ejaculated the single word, “God!” and was not a little amazed and chagrined to see reflected in the mirror the pretty picture of his little three-year-old daughter, as laying her dolly hastily down she sprang from her seat on the floor, exclaiming as she looked eagerly and expectantly about the room, “Is Dod here?”

Pale and ashamed and at a loss for a better answer, he simply said, “Why?”

“Cause I thought He was when I heard you speak to Him.”

Then noticing the sober look on his face and the tears of shame in his eyes as he gazed down into the innocent, radiant face, she patted him lovingly on the hand, exclaiming assuringly, “Call Him again, Papa, and I dess He’ll surely come.”

Oh, how every syllable of the child’s trusting words cut to his heart! The still, small voice was heard at last. Catching the wondering child up in his arms, he knelt down, and for the first time in

his life implored of God forgiveness for past offenses and guidance for all his future life, thanking Him in fervent spirit that He had not "surely come" before in answer to some of his awful blasphemies. Surely "a little child shall lead them."

"THE LAMB IN HIS ARMS"

"He shall gather the lambs with His arms, and carry them in His bosom."

In a Chinese Christian family at Amoy, a little boy, the youngest of three children, on asking his father to allow him to be baptized, was told that he was too young, that he might fall back if he made a profession when he was only a little boy. To this he made the touching reply: "Jesus has promised to carry the lambs in His arms. I am only a little boy; it will be easier for Jesus to carry me." This logic of the heart was too much for the father. He took him with him, and the dear child was ere long baptized. The whole family, of which this child is the youngest member—the father, mother and three sons—are all members of the Mission Church at Amoy.

EASTER BUNNIES

The little bunny, sitting on his hind legs, with his ears very erect, has become as positively identified with Easter as the firecracker with July 4th, the turkey with Thanksgiving, the slit pumpkin with All Hallows Eve, and the holly with Christmas. Whence came it?

Well, strangely enough, like the goddess Ostara,

the bunny is of German or Teutonic origin. The Easter hare in Germany is as much of an institution, particularly to the children, as is St. Nicholas in England. The legend is that if the children have been good, the hare—it is a cousin to the rabbit—will slip into the house on Easter eve and hide a number of beautifully colored eggs for the children to find.

Of course the parents either buy the colored eggs or make them by boiling them wrapped in various colored cloths. Then while the children are sleeping, the eggs are secreted about the house just as Christmas gifts are placed in the kiddies' stockings by loving mothers and fathers. In the morning there is a wild scramble to find the eggs which the hare has brought. If not found readily the children begin to worry about the naughty things they have done, but as soon as one egg is found, all is rejoicing.

The bunny has rapidly grown in favor in America. It is seen in every confectionery store, some of the models being most elaborate. It is true that in America the figure is of a rabbit, not of a hare, but one cannot expect the candy manufacturer to be also a zoölogist.

TAKING THE CHILDREN

A little boy was deeply interested in reading Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," the characters in that wonderful book being all living men and women to him. One day, while his grandma was busy with her needlework, he took his slate and

pencil and seated himself by her side; and thinking of what he had been reading, he said:

“Grandma, which of all the people in the ‘Pilgrim’s Progress’ do you like the best?”

“I like Christian,” was the reply, giving the little boy her reasons. “Which do you like the best?”

Slowly, but thoughtfully, the little fellow replied, “I like Christiana.”

“And why, my boy?” inquired the old lady.

“Because she took the children with her, grandma.”

CHRIST

CHRIST'S WINSOMENESS

A winsome voice my Master had,
He spoke and strong men rose
And in their fishing garments clad
Stayed not for day to close.
And one who at the treasury sat
Looked up, and seeing, came
And all his gains and friends forgat
At hearing of His name.
So winsome was my Master's voice,
They and the whole wide world rejoice.

A winsome touch my Master had,
The suffering ones arose
And, doing as He gently bade,
Pain vanished and their woes.
The sick and the heavy laden came
And something in His face
Brought rest and healing strength,
The lame crept close with stumbling pace,
So winsome was my Master's touch,
The whole wide world felt never such.

A winsome smile my Master had,
The little children rose
Though friends and followers forbade,

Him as their own they chose,
And eager ran to His embrace
And straightway had no fear,
For something in His loving face
Assured them they were dear.
So winsome when my Master smiled
His very own were man and child.

CHRIST

When a few princes and cities in 1530 avowed their faith in the principles of the Reformation by presenting the Augsburg Confession, Prince Wolfgang von Anhalt was warned not to sign because it would bring down on him the anger of the emperor, Charles V. The old man replied: "Many a time have I ridden to war to help my friends; so now for once I'll take horse for my Lord Christ."

CHRIST OUR REST-STONE

"And he said, My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest."

In India, where burdens are carried on men's heads and backs, it is customary to provide resting-places for them along the road. Stones are set up along the hot, dusty roads, just the right height for a man to rest his burden upon until he is refreshed and able to go on his way.

"Ah, sahib," said a native Christian to an English gentleman, "Christ is my rest-stone, Christ is all my hope."

A RUSSIAN LEGEND

“Where is He that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen His star in the east, and are come to worship Him.”

The Russian peasantry have a curious tradition. It is said that an old woman, the Baboushka, was at work in her house when the wise men from the East passed on their way to find the Christ-child. “Come with us,” they said; “we have seen His star in the East, and go to worship Him.” “I will come, but not now,” she answered; “I have my house to set in order; when this is done I will follow and find Him.” But when her work was done the three kings had passed on their way across the desert, and the star shone no more in the darkened heavens. She never saw the Christ-child, but she is living and searching for Him still. For His sake she takes care of all His children. It is she who in Russian houses is believed to fill the stockings and dress the tree on Christmas morn. The children are awakened by the cry of “Behold the Baboushka!” and spring up hoping to see her before she vanishes out of the window. She fancies, the tradition goes, that in each poor little one whom she warms and feeds she may find the Christ-child, whom she neglected ages ago, but is doomed to eternal disappointment.

THE VISION OF CHRIST

“Suffer little children to come unto Me.”

Dannecker, the German sculptor, occupied eight years upon a marble of Christ. When he had labored two years the work was apparently finished.

14413

808.5

W 385

He called into his studio a little girl, and directing her attention to the statue, asked her, "Who is that?" She replied, "A great man." The artist turned away disheartened. His artistic eye had been deceived. He had failed, and his two years of labor were thrown away. But he began anew; and after several years had passed, he again invited a child into his studio, and repeated the inquiry, "Who is that?" This time he was not disappointed. After looking in silence for awhile, her curiosity deepened into awe and thankfulness, and bursting into tears, she said in low and gentle tones, "Suffer little children to come unto Me." It was enough; the untutored instinct of the child had divined his meaning and he knew that his work was a success.

He believed then, and ever afterward, that he had been inspired of God to do that thing. He thought he had seen a vision of Christ in his solitary vigils. He had but transferred to the marble the image that the Lord had shown to him. His rising fame attracted the attention of Napoleon, and he was requested to make a statue of Venus similar to Ariadne, for the gallery of the Louvre. He refused, saying, "A man who has seen Christ would commit sacrilege if he should employ his art in the carving of a pagan goddess. My art is henceforth a consecrated thing."

FACE TO FACE

I had walked life's path with an easy tread,
Had followed where comfort and pleasure led,
And then by chance in a quiet place
I met my Master face to face.

With station, and rank, and wealth for a goal,
Much thought for the body but none for the soul,
I had entered to win in life's mad race
When I met my Master face to face.

I had built my castles and reared them high,
Till their towers had pierced the blue of the sky,
I had sworn to rule with an iron mace
When I met my Master face to face.

I met Him, and knew Him, and blushed to see
That His eyes, full of sorrow, were fixed on me,
And I faltered and fell at His feet that day
While my castles melted and vanished away.

CHRIST OUR LADDER

To the north of Scotland lies an island called Bressay. It is one of the Shetland Islands, and its shores are very rocky. On the south coast of Bressay is a slate-quarry. The workmen had to descend the cliff to it by means of a ladder. One evening a violent and sudden storm drove the quarrymen from their work. The ladder was left fastened to the cliff. The night was very dark and stormy. A ship which was struggling with the waves was driven close to the island. Her crew beheld with terror the white foam of the breakers as they dashed against the rocks. They knew that, if their ship were stranded, they must be wrecked. Still the howling winds drove her forward. The waves dashed over her, filled the cabin with water, and drowned the wife of the captain. The sailors now climbed into the rigging. They were at the

mercy of the furious wind and of the raging sea. They gave themselves up for lost. Many prayers and cries for deliverance were uttered. On came the ship, and struck against the shore. The poor seamen felt that death was almost certain. On the summit of the cliff was safety; but how could they reach it, who were helplessly dashed at its foot? But, just as the ship struck near the rock, their terror was changed to joy. Close beside them, on the steep face of the cliff, was a ladder. It seemed as if placed there on purpose for them. In haste they sprang from the rigging, mounted the ladder, and reached the top of the cliff in safety. The vessel went to pieces so quickly that, by the next morning, hardly a trace of her was left.

CHRISTIANS

SLEEPING

A French dramatist read his latest production to a circle of critics, and while he was reading one of the critics fell asleep. The reader stopped long enough to say, "How can you criticize my production and you sound asleep?" "I submit," said the critic, rubbing his eyes, "that sleep is a criticism." And so it is. If Christianity means anything it means everything. And a sleeping Christianity is a perpetual argument against Christianity. Sleeping Christians are apt to talk in their sleep, walk in their sleep, and fight in their sleep. One half of our church quarrels is the result of Spiritual Somnambulism, pastor and people fighting in their sleep.

(Dixon)

SLIGHT DEVIATIONS

Dr. Hamilton tells us that at Preston, at Malines, and many such places, the lines go gently asunder. So fine is the angle that at first the paths are almost parallel, and it seems of small moment which you select. But a little farther one turns a corner, or dives into a tunnel; and now that the speed is full, the angle opens up, and, at the rate of a mile a minute, the divided convoy flies asunder. One passenger is on the way to Italy, another to the swamps of Holland; one will step

out in London, the others in the Irish Channel.

It is not enough that you look for the better country; you must keep the way; a small deviation may send you entirely wrong.

SHOW YOUR COLORS

A writer who was stopping at a summer resort says that he was constantly impressed with the custom of "showing one's colors." The man who owned the house where he was staying kept a large American flag flying, and looked after it himself most vigilantly. The various college clubs and fraternities advertised themselves in one way and another, by class pins and hatbands and otherwise. It occurred to the writer to wonder whether there would be any similar feeling of pride and duty in showing religious loyalty, who were Christians—who not? A single action decided it. When Sunday came, it was found that a delightful sail had been planned, with dinner at a distant island, and return by moonlight. The sifting process was again instantly apparent. The loyal man who ran up the American flag to show he was true to his country was no less glad to show that he chose Christ for his Commander and Christ's people for friends and comrades. The hour of religious service found him and his family quietly seated in the village church, and with them were many others who followed their example in choosing the company of Christ's people. Ruth's choice was sublime, the grand outstanding choice of a lifetime, with age-long consequences. The

choices regarding everyday affairs are also significant. The same principles are involved.

(Mrs. A. B. Bryant)

PASS THE WORD ALONG

In deserts, when caravans are in want of water, they send a rider some distance ahead; then, after a little space, another follows; and then, after a short interval, another. As soon as the first man finds water, before he stoops to drink, he shouts aloud the word "Come." The next one repeats the word "Come." So the shout is passed along, until the whole wilderness echoes with the word "Come." So it is with Christian men and women. It is not enough to find the living water ourselves. We must say "Come" to those who are searching for it.

BESETTING SINS

Before the battle of Trafalgar, in the last council with his captains, Nelson explained his general plan to them, and gave them full instructions as to the way in which he designed the engagement to be carried out. "But," he added, finally, "if any of you, in the smoke and confusion of the fight, cannot see my signals, you cannot do wrong if you lay your ship alongside an enemy's and fight her!"

So with Christians. The arch-enemy is sin, in the soul and in society. When we cannot see the Captain's signals, let us grapple with our besetting sins, and the evils still flourishing in the world—and fight them!

FOLLOW YOUR LEADER

Walking once on a pitchy dark night in company with a friend who knew the road well, I said to him, "I shall follow you, so as to be right." In a little, I stumbled into a ditch. "You have led me into a ditch," I said. "Then you have not followed me exactly," was the reply, "for I have kept free." I had to acknowledge that I had gone a little to one side, thinking that of no consequence. So, it is, thought I, with the Christian following Christ; as long as he follows Him exactly, he is safe; but when he turns aside, however little, he is liable to stumble into the ditch.

A DUKE'S EXAMPLE

"Many shall see it, and fear, and shall trust in the Lord."

In a town in Bavaria, there is a little tumble-down church where the duke as often as he came that way used to go in and pray. If on coming out of the church he happened to meet any of the peasants, he loved to converse with them pleasantly. One day he met an old man, and after some talk, asked him whether he could do anything for him.

The peasant replied, "Noble sir, you cannot do anything better for me than you have already done."

"How so? I do not know that I have done anything for you."

"But I know it," said the man; "for how can I

forget that you saved my son! He traveled so long in sinful ways, that for long he would have nothing to do with church or prayer. Some time ago he was here, and saw you, noble sir, enter this church. "I should like to see what he does there," said the young man scornfully to himself, and he glided in after you. But when he saw you pray so devoutly, he was so deeply impressed that he also began to pray, and from that moment became a new man. I thank you for it. This is why I said you can do me no greater favor than you have already done."

A MARTYR FOR CHRIST

"Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless His holy name."

During the persecution in the reign of Queen Mary, one of the martyrs was fastened with a chain to a post in the Smithfield Market of London, and when the wood piled about him was lighted, and the fire burning his clothes and frizzling his flesh, he cried, "Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless His holy name."

PULPIT REFLECTORS

"I will speak of Thy testimonies also before kings, and will not be ashamed."

The eminent Lyman Beecher used to say that the reason why his ministry was so blessed to the salvation of men, was that he had so many pulpit reflectors in the Christians who lived out and dif-

fused in every practical way the gospel which he proclaimed. A light placed alone scatters its beams on every hand, but a number of well-placed reflectors can concentrate and reflect its rays, and cause them to reach places where the direct rays of light would never go; so these pulpit reflectors. These Christians who take the gospel up in their lives, and who talk it, and act it, and live it from day to day, multiply the preacher's usefulness a hundredfold, and carry down into the deep and hidden corners, where sin and darkness lurk, those beams of light which, without their aid, would never reach the souls that sit in the shadow of death.

We need more pulpit reflectors. Let the minister of the gospel preach with all fidelity, and then let the Christians on every hand take up the words of life which he proclaims, and reflect and re-echo them, and bear them to the souls which walk in darkness, and yet long to behold God's marvelous light, even the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, in the face of Jesus Christ.

NO DIFFERENCE BETWEEN CHRISTIANS AND THE BOOK

A Chinese preacher who received twenty-two dollars a month, refused the position of consul at fifty dollars, in order that he might remain and preach the Gospel to his countrymen, who said of him, "There is no difference between him and the Book."

That is a tribute which the church of to-day needs for its support. It ranks with that splendid characterization of the noble Judson, "There

goes Jesus Christ's man." Churches will be crowded with men when there is no difference between Christians and the Book.

DEPENDABLE CHRISTIANS

The judge, hoping to impress him with a sense of his responsibility as a man of family, said to him kindly:

"Rastus, do you think it's right to leave your wife at the wash tub while you pass your time up town?"

"Yessah, yessah, Jedge," said Rastus. "It's all right. Mah wife don' need no watchin'. She'll sholy wuk jes' as ha'd as if ah was thah."

We need dependable Christians,

SERVANTS OF CHRIST

Before the time when Abraham Lincoln emancipated three millions of colored people in the Southern States of America, there was one day a slave auction in New Orleans. Amongst the number was a beautiful Mulatto girl, who was upon the "block" to be sold to the highest bidder, like a cow or a horse. The auctioneer, dilating on the graces of the girl, her skill in working, and the beauty of her form, asked for a bid. The first offer was 500 dollars, and the bids quickly rose to 700 dollars. Then a voice called from the outside of the crowd, "750 dollars." The slave owners thereupon advanced their bids to 800 and 850, and 900 dollars. The bids continued to rise, but whenever there was a pause, the unseen bidder offered

50 dollars more, and at last the girl was knocked down to him for 1,450 dollars. He then came forward, and paying the money, arranged to receive delivery of the "lot" in the morning. The slave girl saw that her purchaser was a Northerner, one of the hated "Yankees," and was much disgusted to become his slave. The next morning her new owner called at the house, when the poor girl said with tears, "Sir, I am ready to go with you." He gently replied, "But I do not want you to go with me; please look over this paper!" She opened the paper and found that it was the gift of her freedom. The Northerner said, "I bought you that you might be free!" She exclaimed, "You bought me that I might be free! Am I free? Free!! Can I do as I like with myself?" He answered, "Yes, you are free!" Then she fell down and kissed his feet, and almost choking with sobs of joy she cried, "Oh, sir, I will go with you, and be your servant forevermore!"

THE FISHERMAN AND THE LIGHT

There was a fisherman once, whose hut was situated on a high and rockbound coast. Nearby was a snug cove, with a smooth, sandy beach, where he was accustomed to draw up his little boat, and from which he went forth, day by day, to engage in his toilsome occupation on the waters of the stormy sea. One day he went out, as usual, to spend the day in fishing. He toiled on, with encouraging success, till towards the close of the afternoon, when looking up to the sky, he saw threatening signs of an approaching storm. Im-

mediately he hauled up his lines, resolving, if possible, to reach his home before the gathering tempest should burst upon him. But he had a long distance to go, and the wind was ahead, and the sea was rough, and the storm came on fast, and the day was almost gone. Yet with a brave and trusting heart, he turned the bow of his boat in the right direction, and began to row towards home. Right manfully did he bend upon his oars, and his boat flew rapidly over the white-capped billows. But darker and darker grew the heavens above him, and soon all traces of daylight had disappeared. The outline of the coast had faded from his view, and he could no longer see any of those well-known landmarks by which he was accustomed to direct his course. He went as near the coast as he could without being dashed against its jagged rocks. And then he rowed on until he was exhausted; but no sign of his hut, or the little cove near by, could he discover. The storm raged fiercer, and the night grew darker. Hope died away within him, and death stared him in the face. He expected every moment that his frail boat would be swallowed up in the stormy waters. But just then a faint ray of light met his eye. It renewed his strength. He rowed on more heartily. Very soon he found that it proceeded from the window of his own little hut. It guided him to the cove he was accustomed to enter. He drew his boat up safely on the sand, and, grateful for his own deliverance, before he went to bed that night he trimmed the lamp, and filled it with oil, and set it in the window of his humble dwelling, that its friendly light might shine out upon the

stormy sea, and perhaps guide some other tempest-tossed voyager to a place of safety. And as long as he lived he continued this practice. It was very proper that he should do this. He made a right use of the lamp himself, and then he tried to extend the benefit of it to others. And this is what we should do. We have God's wonderful lamp. It is shining all about our path. It shows us how we may sail over life's stormy sea, so as to reach the haven of enduring rest and safety at last. But there are multitudes of our fellow-creatures who are tossed on this tempestuous sea, without a single ray of light to guide their way. What is our duty? Should we not send this wonderful lamp to them? This is all they need. It is abundantly able to guide them to the only place where they can find safety.

CHRISTMAS

AN EXCUSE TO BE KIND

A girls' class in one of our Sunday-schools was joyously assisting in the preparation of a Christmas feast for the poor, when one of them said, impulsively, a thing that most charmingly voiced the real meaning of Christmas: "I do love Christmas! It gives everybody such a good excuse to be kind!" She meant by that a chance to do generous, unobtrusive favors, kindnesses even to strangers.

(Mrs. A. B. Bryant)

CHURCH

GOD'S PRESENCE IN HIS HOUSE

The Glory of Jehovah filled the house of Jehovah. An organ with the normal amount of air is dumb. There is no sound save the clicking of the keys. Let an unsteady current of the same air flow in and an imperfect harmony comes even under the skilled touch. Increase the current to a full supply and every pipe swells with the music. The most beautiful church edifice and the finest and most perfect ritual result is nothing more than "a clicking of keys," while the Spirit of God is absent. Let Him in and there will be light and joy and music.

REVERENCING THE SANCTUARY

"Ye shall keep my Sabbaths, and reverence My Sanctuary; I am the Lord."

When Colonel Turner, a gallant cavalier, was hanged for burglary, he told the crowd gathered round the gallows that his mind received great consolation from the thought that he had always taken his hat off when he went into a church.

THE TRUE SPIRIT

The spirit which ought to control the church is the spirit of the ship's captain who, when his

son was in the water on one side of the boat, and fifty people on the other, had one life preserver which would, however, bear several. He hesitated whether to throw it to his son, or on the other side where it might save many. He at last threw it where the larger number were struggling, and he jumped off the other side to save his son. They were both lost, but the life preserver saved six. The business of the church is not to save itself. Its expenditure of effort is usually along that line, and men on the outside understand it. Its business is, by the noblest sacrifice and by all means, to save others.

NOT AT HOME

An old sailor went into a fashionable church in one of our cities, and the doors of the pews were shut as he came up the aisles, and the church was filled with emptiness, neither men nor gospel being there. He passed up the aisle vainly looking for a seat. He was directed to a back row. He walked out and at the doorway asked the sexton what church it was. "Christ's" responded the sexton. "I guess He isn't here to-night," replied the sailor.

THE CHURCH'S GREAT NEED

A church quarrel means empty pews. Coldness in the church life places dying embers on the hearth, and a shivering world surrounds other firesides to find warmth and love. Christian sympathy and brotherhood is the most powerful heater

in the world. It changes the Arctic zone into the tropics. If a church is a floating iceberg, every man shouts to every other man, "Keep out of its way." He may be drowning, but will make his death-struggle to get away from its coldness and its helplessness. Many churches are refrigerators. The church army has gone into winter quarters.

CONFESSION

I WAS WRONG

There may be virtue in the man
Who's always sure he's right,
Who'll never hear another's plan,
And seek no further light;
But I like more the chap who sings
A somewhat different song;
Who says, when he has messed up things,
"I'm sorry; I was wrong."

It's hard for any one to say
That failure's due to him—
That he has lost the fight or way
Because his lights burned dim.
It takes a man aside to throw
The vanity that's strong,
Confessing, " 'Twas my fault, I know,
I'm sorry; I was wrong."

And so, I figure, those who use
This honest, manly phrase,
Hate it too much their way to lose
On many future days.
They'll keep the path and make the fight,
Because they do not long
To have to say—when they're not right—
"I'm sorry; I was wrong."

CONFIDENCE

CONFIDENCE

Confidence is well placed when it rests upon a proved experience. A traveler, following his guide amid the Alpine heights, reached a place where a path was narrowed by a jutting rock on one side and a terrible precipice on the other. The guide passed over, and holding onto the rock with one hand, extended the other over the precipice for the traveler to step upon it and so pass around the jutting rock. He hesitated, but the guide said, "That hand has never lost a man." He stepped on the hand and passed over safely. Jonathan could place implicit confidence in Jehovah, for never yet had cause been lost where that was done, and, "there is no restraint with the Lord to save by many or by few."

CONSCIENCE

GOD'S VOICE TO A CHILD

A young child was about to throw a stone at a tortoise as he had seen older boys do, when to his thought, a gentle voice called, "Don't do it! It is wrong." He dropped the stone and hurried to mamma, questioning, "Who called me, mamma? Who said, 'Don't do it'?" And the wise mother explained, "The voice, my child, is what some people call conscience. I like best to call it the voice of God. If you listen to and obey that voice whenever it speaks, its tones will become louder and clearer; but if you refuse to heed, the voice will die away until it is quite lost, and you will be a wanderer in a wilderness with no guide."

WHAT WE HEAR

Two young men went to New York. One of them told about hearing low concert songs, Bowery slang, the roar of the elevated trains, and the latest political gossip. The other came back telling how he had heard Paderewski, Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, Jacob Riis, and the birds in the aviary at Central Park. If we are in a listening attitude toward God, we shall hear, every day, inward voices that will lead us into larger paths, and make our lives strong and successful.

COURAGE

COURAGE AND COWARDICE

At the battle of Fredericksburg—a colored man took to his heels at the first fire and remained away until after the battle. On his return his master reproached him for his cowardice. “The difference between me and you, massa,” he said, “is this: I was afraid to fight; and you were afraid to run. I was afraid of the bullets and you were afraid of the people at home.” The master had to acknowledge the truth of the statement. The fear to fight is cowardice, the fear to run away is the fear of the heroic. Heroes are those who stand firm though they tremble with fright. Napoleon said that the difference between Marshal Ney and Marshal Burne was that Ney never knew any danger, while Burne, conscious of the danger, trembling as he entered battle, still faced the enemy and death. *(Dixon)*

IT TAKES COURAGE

To live according to your convictions.

To be what you are and not pretend to be what you are not.

To say “No” squarely and firmly when those around you say “Yes.”

To live honestly within your means and not dishonestly upon the means of others.

To speak the truth when by a little prevarication you can get some special advantage.

When mortified and embarrassed by humiliating disaster, to seek in your ruins the elements of future success.

THE SECRET OF FEARLESSNESS

Probably no man was ever more fearless than Major General Charles Gordon, known throughout the world as "Chinese Gordon." He knew a Higher Power was upholding and directing him. This gave him his singular freedom from awe in the presence of lower dignitaries. It is said that in an interview with one of the native monarchs, the first thing he did was to seize his chair, which was placed on a considerably lower level than the king's and place it alongside that of his majesty and sit down on it. He then informed him that he met him as an equal and would treat him as such. Threats of death for his presumption carried no terror for him, and the king, who had never seen such a man before, was obliged to take him on his own terms. By such means Gordon Pasha wished to impress the heathen king with the fact that he himself was an ambassador from a far greater ruler—the King of kings. Apart from this, he was the last man on earth to care for dignity. The secret of his courage was his unshaken reliance on God. On his arrival at Khartoum, capital of Soudan, he immediately addressed the people: "I come without soldiers, but with God on my side, to redress evils. I will not fight with any weapons, but will mete out justice." There is no intimidation for such a man. - (Mrs. A. B. Bryant)

CONVERSION

THE CONVERSION OF ST. AUGUSTINE

“Let us walk honestly, as in the day; not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying. But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh, to fulfill the lusts thereof.”

In the spring of the year 372, a young man, we are told, in the thirty-first year of his age, in evident distress of mind, entered his garden near Milan. The sins of his youth—a youth spent in sensuality and impiety—weighed heavily on his soul. Lying under a fig-tree, moaning and pouring out abundant tears, he heard from a neighboring house a young voice saying, and repeating in rapid succession, “Take and read! Take and read!” Receiving this as a divine admonition he procured the roll of Paul’s epistles. Describing the scene, he says: “I opened it, and read in the silence the chapter on which my eyes first lighted (it was the thirteenth of Romans). ‘Let us walk honestly, as in the day; not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying. But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh, to fulfill the lusts thereof.’ ” All was decided by a word. He did not desire to read any more; nor was there any need—every doubt had vanished,

and the Day Star had risen in his heart. The grand career of Augustine, the holiest of the Fathers, then commenced.

IT TAKES COURAGE TO CONFESS CHRIST

Canon Ashwell tells this incident about Frederick the Great. At one time one of Frederick's most courageous generals declined the king's invitation because he had planned to receive the Holy Communion the next morning. When present the next time at the royal table the king and his guests began to jest at him for his religious scruples, and to mock at the communion of the Lord's Supper. Few generals would have dared to reprimand Frederick, for it must cost his office or his life. But the old general rose, saluted the terrible king and told him respectfully but heroically that there was a greater King than Frederick, and that he never allowed that Holy One to be insulted in his presence. The guests heard his words with astonishment, fearing that the general would lose his life. But Frederick showed his manhood. Instead of getting angry at this rebuke he grasped the hand of the fearless general and expressed his grief that he could not believe so strongly, or confess his faith so courageously. We may have unbelieving or scoffing friends whose ridicule we fear; we remain silent when they attack Christ or Christianity; but if we had the daring to confess Christ on such occasions or in the presence of such scoffers we might win them to Christ.

(Warren G. Partridge, D.D.)

CLEANSING

One day a minister found some boys making a lake. One boy had cut his foot on a broken bottle. The minister got a clean dressing made and was binding the foot up, when a workman passing exclaimed: "That wound will not be till the dirt is taken out." So it is with the wound of sin. God does not heal till it is cleansed by confession.

A SKEPTIC'S CONVERSION

A minister had among his congregation a brilliant lawyer who was an infidel. He had decided the salvation of the skeptics, and now knowing that he was to be present in the month he prepared a sermon especially for him, long and gripping, that through it he would be converted.

The infidel came. It was an icy winter's day he listened to the sermon, and went his way, and not long after confessed his faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. The minister rejoiced, and in conversing with him he pointed out how what perished the sermon it was which especially affected his mind, and led to such a desirable result.

He answered: "It was not your sermon at all. I did not hear it. I was making a toilet all the while you were preaching. But after my toilet closed, as I came out I saw old black Aunt Ch. trying to get down the slippery steps. I stepped forward and helped her down, over the ice to

crossing, and as I left she looked up in my face and said: 'Oh! massa, I wish you loved my dear Jesus.' Those words rang in my ears, and I could not get rid of them, until I went to my office and bowed myself on my knees and gave myself to Christ. It was not your sermon, but it was old Aunt Chloe's words that led me to the Savior."

"Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts," is the constantly recurring lesson which God teaches us by circumstances like this. Shall we ever appreciate the Divine instruction, and learn to make the Lord our confidence and trust, believing that in Him alone is victory and strength?

CROSS

A PLACE OF SAFETY

When men see that a prairie fire is coming, what do they do? Not the fleetest horse can escape it. They just take a match and light the grass around them. They take their stand in the burnt district, and are safe. They hear the flames roar as they come along, but they do not fear. They do not even tremble as the ocean of flames surges around them, for over the place where they stand the fire has already passed and there is no danger. And there is one spot on earth that God has swept over. Nineteen hundred years ago the storm burst on Calvary, and the Son of God took it into his open bosom; and now, if we take our stand by the open cross, we are safe for time and eternity.

(D. L. Moody)

THE CROSS

Dr. Alexander Whyte relates how, one morning at family worship, he had been reading about the Cross, and he stooped down and asked his little four-year-old, at his knee, "Do you know what a cross is, my boy?" "Oh yes, father," was the reply, "it's just the thing we climb on when we go to heaven."

DEATH

THE BLISS OF DYING

“The death of the righteous.”

The Rev. Henry Venn, of Huddersfield, and latterly of Yelling, in Huntingdonshire, was so elated at the prospect of death, that it actually proved a stimulus to life. Upon one occasion, as he lay on his death-bed, he himself remarked some bad symptoms, and said to Mr. Pearson, “Surely, these are good symptoms for me”; to which his medical attendant replied, “Sir, in this state of joyous excitement you cannot die.” The joy of dying kept him alive.

READY TO GO

“Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.”

John Elias, the great Welsh preacher, had a happy death. It may be said of him in the exquisite lines of Dr. Watts—

“He stood, but with his starry pinions on,
Dressed for the fight, and ready to be gone.”

As he lay on his death-bed he said: “I am as happy as it is possible for a redeemed man to be, though in pain, in pain. There is not a cloud between me and the face of my God. The blessings and mercies I used to enjoy in my ministry are still flowing freely into my soul. They are more

powerful, more lively in their effects on my soul than ever I felt them when I preached them to others." Thus he passed away on June 8, 1841, to his Savior and his reward. His body was carried at the head of a funeral procession a mile and a half long, to the grave at Llanfaes, near Beaumaris.

THE TOMB FORGETS NO ONE

"When a few years are come, then I shall go the way whence I shall not return."

Victor Hugo, when in the depth of severe affliction—the loss of his two sons—wrote the following lines:

"Patience. They have gone before. It is just that the evening should come for us all. It is just that all should go up, one after the other, to receive their pay. The exempts are such only in appearance. The tomb forgets no one."

THE DEATH OF JOHN HUSS

When John Huss, the Bohemian Martyr, was brought out to be burnt, they put on his head a triple crown of paper, with painted devils on it. On seeing it, he said, "My Lord, Jesus Christ, for my sake, wore a crown of thorns; why should not I then, for His sake, wear this light crown, be it ever so ignominious? Truly I will do it, and that willingly." When it was set upon his head, the bishops said, "Now, we commend thy soul to the devil." "But I," said Huss, lifting up his eyes to heaven, "do commit my spirit into thy hands, O

Lord Jesus Christ; to thee I commend my spirit, which thou hast redeemed." When the fagots were piled up to his very neck, the Duke of Bavaria was officious enough to desire him to abjure. "No," said Huss, "I never preached any doctrine of an evil tendency; and what I taught with my lips I now seal with my blood."

TO DIE IS GAIN

"When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee."

The testimony of John Rogers, of Bridgeport, was one of the many beautiful death-beds of which we have heard. The night before he died, he said, "I am going home." Putting out his arm, and beckoning and smiling, he said, "Coming, coming." Early next morning he asked for his favorite Testament, and, placing it close to his heart, he said, "I am dying, resting on Jesus; nothing remains but the death-struggle. Christ is my all in all." The passage was repeated to him, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me." He said, "and He will be with me to the end." Then he gently fell asleep.

DETERMINATION

A DETERMINED MAN

Henry Fawcett, a young Englishman, hunting with his father, suffered an accident staggering enough to break the nerve of ordinary men; his father shot at a partridge, hit his son's eyes and entirely blinded them. Writing about the matter afterward, young Fawcett said, "I made up my mind inside of ten minutes after the accident to stick to my main purpose as far as in me lay."

He kept his word—worked his way through Cambridge University, was made Professor of Political Economy there, was elevated to be Postmaster-General of England, and gave to the British people a generation ago the Parcel Post that we in America have just achieved for ourselves. He took hold of his situation by its real handle; he met it as a challenge to his strength and not as an excuse for disheartenment.

(Harry Emerson Fosdick)

KEEP ON CLIMBING

A little child living almost in the shadow of a mountain thought of its cloud-capped summit as if it belonged to heaven rather than to earth. "Mother," he asked one day, "could anybody climb to the very top of the mountain?" The

mother smiled. "Why, yes, dear," she answered. "All that one would need is to keep right on climbing. You can get almost anywhere by taking steps enough."

The words lingered in the boy's memory. Years after, he found himself destitute of the very rudiments of an education, yet in his heart was a thirst for knowledge, which made his ignorance almost unendurable. And then into his mind flashed his mother's words, "You can get almost anywhere by taking steps enough." He bought a spelling book and a rudimentary arithmetic, and began his upward climb. It took many "steps" and the way was not always smooth, yet he resolutely kept on. Beginning his education after his twenty-first birthday, and amid countless discouragements, today he holds an important professorship in one of the foremost universities in the country."

(Myers)

DUTY

DUTY IN LITTLE THINGS

There is a legend of a monk, to whom in his chamber the Lord vouchsafed to appear in a vision. The vision of Christ brought great peace and joy to his heart. Scarcely had he been thus favored for a few moments, when the bell was heard which summoned him to the duty of distributing loaves of bread to the poor. For a moment he hesitated; then he went to his work. Oh, what a sacrifice to leave the glorious vision for the dull routine of duty! But when he returned to his cell, what was his surprise and joy to find the vision of the Lord as before, and to be met with the greeting, "Hadst thou tarried, I had departed."

AMBITION VERSUS DUTY

It is surely noteworthy, in considering the widely differing careers of Napoleon and Wellington, to find that Ambition was the lodestar of the meteoric Emperor of the Franch, whilst the ruling principle in the life of our own great Duke was Duty. Some one has pointed out that there is not a proclamation of Napoleon to his soldiers in which glory is not mentioned, nor one in which duty is alluded to; whilst there is not an order of Wellington to his troops in which duty is not inculcated, nor one in which glory is mentioned!

THE SAFE PATH OF DUTY

The celebrated Benvenuto Cellini was taught to play the flute by his father, an ardent musician. The boy disliked music, and would greatly have preferred to give all his spare time to drawing; but being a good son, he patiently practiced the uncongenial art until he became a very excellent performer; and was chosen to assist at a performance of sacred music before the Pope. The Pontiff particularly noted the young flautist, and offered him a post in his service; and learning the young fellow's love of the sister art, promised that his duties and salary as court-musician should leave him plenty of time and money to pursue the drawing that was to make him famous. So does it happen that the path of duty leads in God's good time to "our desired haven," while the path we thought would have led us to our heart's desire, could never have brought us to it.

DAILY DUTIES

Most people have seen a popular puzzle-competition, where a picture is cut up into many fragments, and so printed: and prizes are awarded to those who fit together the oddly-shaped pieces—without seeing the original—into the perfect whole. Life is much like this. It seems to consist of odd fragments, and we have not seen the plan. But if we take each day's duties as they come, and patiently fit them in, we shall some day realize that there was a plan in it all, and the meaningless duties fitted together into a life-time will have made a beautiful and perfect whole.

EASTER

ONE MORNING IN JUDEA

It is sweetly strange how the life of our Lord was linked so closely to womankind. First of all he lay in his mother's arms a helpless babe. His first miracle was wrought when his mother told him there was no wine for the wedding in Cana. It was to the women of Jerusalem, who were weeping for him, that he spoke on his way to Calvary. And his last command, uttered during the agony of the cross to John the beloved, was:—

“Behold thy mother.”

His first appearance after the victory over death had been won was to Mary Magdalene. John, writing the story of that meeting, says:

“And when she had thus said, she turned herself back, and saw Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus.

“Jesus saith unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou? She, supposing him to be the gardener, saith unto him, Sir, if thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away.

“Jesus saith unto her, Mary. She turned herself, and saith unto Him, Rabboni; which is to say, Master.

“Jesus saith unto her, Touch me not; for I am not yet ascended to my Father; but go to my

brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father, and your Father; and to my God, and your God."

AN ANCIENT GREETING

In olden days, when Christians met on Easter morning, they first saluted each other and one of them exclaimed:

"Christ is risen," to which the other replied: "Christ is risen indeed." In the Greek church to this very day the person saluted replies: "Christ is risen and hath appeared unto Simon."

EASTER FINERY

For years, the great fashion parade of New York on Fifth Avenue has been reflected, more or less, in every city and village of America. The Easter bonnet, or hat, or suit is a topic of conversation months before the day arrives. The Easter fashion parade is the culmination of an idea that has been developing for centuries, the idea of the re-birth as manifested in the newness of life that comes in the Springtime. People have come to believe, more and more, that they ought also to appear in new habiliment. Milliners and department stores have naturally watered the idea, nursed it, until it has become an integral part of the home life of America.

THE RESURRECTION

Rejoice! ye sons of men, rejoice! awake the choral strain;

The Savior who was crucified has broken his
death-chain;
And mounting high above the sky to realms of
brighter day,
He points you to a better world, and proudly leads
the way.

(Goethe)

FAITH

FAITH IS SURE

A boy whose kite had disappeared in the clouds was asked "How do you know it's there?" "What do you think?" he replied. "Why, I feel it by the string." Faith is sure.

FAITH SUBLIME

That is a grand story of Alexander's confidence in his friend and physician. When the physician had mixed him a potion for his sickness, a letter was put into Alexander's hand, warning him not to drink the mixture, for it was poisoned. He held the letter in one hand and the cup in the other, and in the presence of his friend and physician, he drank up the draught; and after he had drained the cup, he bade his friend look at the letter and judge of his confidence in him. Alexander had unstaggering faith in his friend, which did not admit of doubt. "See now," said he, "how I have trusted you." This is the assurance which the believer should exercise towards his God. The cup is very bitter, and some tell us it will prove to be deadly; that it is so nauseous that we shall never survive the draught. Unbelief whispers in our ear, "Your coming tribulation will utterly crush you." Drink it, my brother, and say, "If He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." It cannot

be that God should be unfaithful to His promise, or unmindful of His covenant.

(Spurgeon)

FAITH AND ITS GROWTH

A hundred guineas was recently refused for a microscopic speck of the pollen of a rare orchid, so precious is the dust of beauty. That speck of pollen might have enabled its purchaser to produce an abundance of hybrid and original orchids. Our Lord teaches that out of a speck of genuine faith in God and His eternal promise in Christ will spring purity, peace, strength, victory, high character, and heroic service; in this world, the graces of the Spirit, and, in the next, flowers and fruits of Paradise.

(Dr. W. L. Watkinson)

A SUNSET FANCY

I saw the sun sink in the glowing west,
No angry cloud obscured his latest ray;
Around the couch on which he sank to rest
Shone all the splendor of the summer day.
And long though lost to view, his brilliant light,
Reflected from the skies, delayed the night.

Thus when the good man's life draws to a close,
No doubts arise to cloud his soul with gloom,
But faith triumphant on each feature glows,
And benedictions fill the sacred room.
And long do men his virtues wide proclaim,
And generations rise to bless his name.

HOW TO COME TO CHRIST

A Scotch shepherd, in a state of great anxiety of soul, asked a preacher if he could tell him what was meant by "coming to Christ." "I have been hearing," said he, "a most earnest discourse; we have been urged and entreated to 'Come to Christ'; and I felt as if I had been sitting on nettles all the time, for he never told us how to come to Him. Can you tell me?"

"Can you fly to Him?" "No, I cannot do that." "Can you walk on your feet to Christ?" "No." The preacher then told him that Christ, though in heaven, was beside him on earth, loving him with a strong, deep, and tender love, eagerly anxious to save him. He was shown that with his mind and heart, and not with his body, he was to go to Jesus—in other words, He Was To Believe On Him Who Died That He Might Live. "Is that it? Is it so simple? I see it now," he said and went on rejoicing.

A CHILD'S FAITH

"Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

A little blind child, close clasped up against her father, was carried by him into a room in a strange house. One who was in the room, stepped quietly up, unclasped his arms, and without saying a word or making a sign, lifted the child away. "You seem not to be frightened," said the father; "do you know who has you?" "No," she said, "but I

am not afraid, for I know you know who has me.”

THE SIMPLICITY OF FAITH

“The prayer of faith shall save the sick.”

Dr. William Anderson was journeying to Kilsyth to help in the revival which was then going on. He met with a boy who told of the death of his little brother. The lad seemed sure that his brother had gone to heaven. Dr. Anderson asked him for the ground of his confidence. He replied, “Because he had faith.” “But,” says the Doctor, “how do you know?” “Well, sir, when he was dying, he seemed afraid. I told him to trust in Jesus. He asked me what that meant—what he was to do. I said, ‘Pray to Him.’ He replied, ‘I’m too weak; I’m not able to pray.’ Then I said, ‘Just hold up your hand—Jesus will see, and know what it means.’ And he did it. Now, was not that faith?” Dr. Anderson was a great theologian, yet he often pointed to that dying lad with the uplifted hand as a beautiful illustration of the simplicity of faith.

VENTURE ON HIM

“Underneath are the everlasting arms.”

I once saw a lad on the roof of a very high building where several men were at work. He was gazing about with apparent unconcern, when his foot slipped, and he fell. In falling he caught by a rope, and hung suspended in mid air, where he could sustain himself but a short time. He

perfectly knew his situation, and expected in a few minutes to be dashed on the stones below. At this moment a kind and powerful man rushed out of the house, and standing beneath him with extended arms called out, "Let go of the rope; I will catch you." "I can't do it," said the boy, "Let go, and I promise you shall escape unhurt." The boy hesitated for a moment, and then quitting his hold, dropped easily and safely into the arms of his deliverer. Here is a simple act of faith. The poor boy knew his danger; he saw his deliverer, and heard his voice. He believed him, and letting go every other dependence and hope he dropped into his arms.

"Venture on Him, venture freely,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good."

WILD FAITH

"Keep back Thy servant also from presumptuous sins."

John Bunyan says, in one of his many books, "Faith must be always in exercise. Only put not in the place thereof presumption. I have observed that as there are herbs and flowers in our gardens, so there are counterfeits in the field: only they are distinguished from the others by the name of wild ones. Why, there is faith, and wild faith: and wild faith is this presumption. I call it wild faith, because God never placed it in His garden—His church: 'tis only to be found in His field—the world. I also call it wild faith,

because it only grows up and is nourished where other wild notions abound."

FAITH AND WORKS

"Faith, if it hath not works, is dead, being alone."

There was once a pious old patriarch who was a ferryman in the Highlands of Scotland. On his oars he had inscribed, respectively, "Faith," and "Works." A passenger one day observing the quaint words, asked what they meant. He then took up the oar "Faith," and attempted to row with it; but the boat merely described a circle, and made no progress. He next took up that marked "Works," and attempted to row with it—the same result. He then took up both, and plying them together the boat immediately shot ahead across the lake! The application is obvious.

MIGHTY FAITH

See Abraham sitting in his tent-door! God tells him to take his son to a mountain in the land of Moriah, and there give him for a burnt offering. Without conferring with flesh and blood, he prepares for the journey and the awful sacrifice; and, on the morning of the third day, I see him on the top of the mountain, with the altar built, fire kindled, Isaac bound, and the knife raised to strike the blow. What now, Abraham? wilt thou slay thy son, and make the promise of God of no effect? Has not God said, "In Isaac shall they seed be called?" "Yes: I know that

is the promise; but now God has commanded me to offer Isaac for a burnt offering; and I will do it, for God will raise him from the dead." "Didst thou ever see one rise from the dead that had been cut in pieces, and burnt to ashes?" "No; but the same God who made the promise has given the commandment, and the command cannot make war on the promise." How the patriarch's faith carries him above the dust raised by human reason! Abraham knew that God's promise would march forward to fulfilment.

SIMPLE FAITH

"What do you do without a mother to tell all your troubles to?" asked a child who had a mother, of one who had none. "Mother told me whom to go to before she died," answered the little orphan. "I go to the Lord Jesus: He was mother's friend, and He's mine." "Jesus Christ is in the sky. He is away off and He has a great many things to attend to in heaven. It is not likely He can stop to mind you." "I do not know anything about that," said the orphan. "All I know, He says He will! and that's enough for me."

TRIUMPH OF FAITH

An officer being in a storm, his lady, filled with alarm, cried out, "My dear, how is it possible you can be so calm in such a storm?" He arose and drew his sword. Pointing it to his wife's breast, he said, "Are you not afraid?" She instantly replied, "No; certainly not." "Why?" said the

officer. "Because," rejoined his lady, "I know the sword is in the hand of my husband; and he loves me too well to hurt me." "Then," said he, "remember, I know in whom I have believed, and that He holds the winds in His fists, and the waters in the hollow of His hand."

FELLOWSHIP

ONE LANGUAGE

“The whole earth was of one language and of one speech.”

A Hindu and a New Zealander met upon the deck of a missionary ship. They had been converted from their heathenism, and were brothers in Christ; but they could not speak to each other. They pointed to their Bibles, shook hands and smiled in each other's faces; but that was all. At last a happy thought occurred to the Hindu. With sudden joy he exclaimed: “Halleluia!” The New Zealander, in delight, cried out “Amen!” These two words, not found in their own heathen tongues, were to them the beginning of “one language and one speech.”

FORGIVENESS

RETURNING GOOD FOR EVIL

Sir Eardly Wilmot was an English baronet, widely known as a leader. On one occasion a statesman came to him in great excitement over an injury inflicted on him by a political leader. He told the truth with warmth. "Is not my indignation righteous?" he asked, impetuously. "Will it not be manly to resent such an injury?" "Yes," was the calm reply. "It will be manly to resent it, but it will be Godlike to forgive it." The statesman afterward confessed to a friend that Sir Eardly's words caused his anger to suddenly depart, leaving him a better man.

THE SUN IS ALMOST DOWN

Two good men on some occasion had a warm dispute; and remembering the exhortation of the apostle, "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath," just before sunset one of them went to the other, and knocking at the door, his offended friend came and opened it, and seeing who it was, started back in astonishment and surprise; the other, at the same time, cried out, "The sun is almost down." This unexpected salutation softened the heart of his friend into affection, and he returned for answer, "Come in, brother, come in." What a happy method of conciliating mat-

ters, of redressing grievances and of reconciling brethren!

MATTHEW HALE'S ENEMY

A person who had done Sir Matthew Hale a great injury, came afterwards to him for advice in the settlement of his estate. Sir Matthew gave his advice very frankly to him, but would accept no fee for it. When he was asked how he could use a man so kindly who had wronged him so much, his answer was, he thanked God, he had learned to forgive injuries.

THE COLORED WOMAN AND THE SAILOR

A worthy old colored woman in the city of New York was one day walking along the street, on some errand to a neighboring store, with her tobacco pipe in her mouth, quietly smoking. A jovial sailor, rendered a little mischievous by liquor, came sawing down the street, and, when opposite our good Phillis, saucily crowded her aside, and with a pass of his hand knocked her pipe out of her mouth. He then halted to hear her fret at his trick, and enjoy a laugh at her expense. But what was his astonishment, when she meekly picked up the pieces of her broken pipe without the least resentment in her manner, and giving him a dignified look of mingled sorrow, kindness and pity, said, "God forgive you, my son, as I do." It touched a tender cord in the heart of the rude tar. He felt ashamed, condemned and repentant. The tear started in his eye; he must make reparation. He heartily confessed his

error, and thrusting both hands into his two full pockets of "change," forced the contents upon her, exclaiming, "God bless you, kind mother, I'll never do so again."

THE FORGIVENESS OF GOD

Fleming tells us in a book of his that a great culprit had been condemned to be hanged at Ayr. He had been a very great offender but, while he lay in prison, God granted him repentance, and, he was heard to say continually as they took him to the scaffold, "Oh! but he's a great forgiver! Oh! but he's a great forgiver!" and I have often felt as if I could stand and cry, yea, even dance with delight and say it, "Oh, but he's a great forgiver! Oh! but he's a great forgiver!"

(Spurgeon)

FORGIVENESS OF INJURIES

In the middle ages, when the great lords and knights were always at war with each other, one of them resolved to revenge himself upon a neighbor who had offended him. It chanced that, on the very evening when he had made this resolution, he heard that his enemy was to pass near his castle, with only a few men with him. It was a good opportunity to take his revenge, and he determined not to let it pass. He spoke of this plan in the presence of his chaplain, who tried in vain to persuade him to give it up. The good man said a great deal to the duke about the sin of what he was going to do, but in vain. At length, seeing that all his words had no effect, he said, "My Lord, since I cannot persuade you to give up this

plan of yours, will you at least consent to come with me to the chapel, that we may pray together before you go?" The duke consented, and the chaplain and he knelt together in prayer. Then the mercy-loving Christian said to the revengeful warrior, "Will you repeat after me, sentence by sentence, the prayer which our Lord Jesus Christ Himself taught to His disciples?" "I will do it," replied the duke. He did it accordingly. The chaplain said a sentence, and the duke repeated it, till he came to the petition, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us." There the duke was silent. "My lord duke, you are silent," said the chaplain. "Will you be so good as to continue to repeat the words after me, if you dare say so?—'Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us.' " "I cannot," replied the duke. "Well, God cannot forgive you, for He has said so. He Himself has given this prayer. Therefore, you must either give up your revenge, or give up saying this prayer; for to ask God to pardon you as you pardon others is to ask Him to take vengeance on you for all your sins. Go now, my lord, and meet your victim. God will meet you at the great day of judgment." The iron will of the duke was broken. "No," said he, "I will finish my prayer. 'My God, my Father, pardon me. Forgive me as I desire to forgive him who has offended me. Lead me not into temptation, but deliver me from evil!'" "Amen!" said the chaplain. "Amen!" repeated the duke.

GIVING

MORE TO FOLLOW

Rowland Hill tells a story of a hard-working man who fell on evil days. Through no fault of his own he lost health, situation, and all his capital; and at last he and his family were face to face with ruin. A rich man heard of the case, and sent the distressed one a five-pound note enclosed in an envelope which contained also a piece of paper bearing the words: "More to follow." After a few days, the rich friend sent another bank-note, with the same accompanying phrase: "More to follow"; and for many weeks the broken family received a constant stream of bank-notes always with the cheering message: "More to follow," until their ruined fortunes were mended, and a measure of prosperity restored to them. So it is with God's gifts. He gives always enough for the present need, and there is always the cheering assurance: "More to follow."

GOD'S BOUNTY

Sir Walter Raleigh was one day asking a favor from Queen Elizabeth, when the latter said to him, "Raleigh, when will you leave off begging?" To which he replied, "When your Majesty leaves off giving"—a thought worthy of being cherished con-

cerning a greater Sovereign than Queen Elizabeth.

SPIRIT OF GIVING

At a missionary meeting in a colored church these resolutions were agreed to:—First: “We will all give something.” Second: “We will all give as the Lord has prospered us.” Third: “We will all give willingly.” One of their number acted as secretary, to record what was given. Among those who came was a comparatively rich old man, almost as wealthy as all the others put together, and he put down a small silver coin. “Take dat back,” said the secretary, “dat may be accordin’ to the first resolution, but it is not accordin’ to the second.” The rich man took it up and went away angry. One after another came up and gave as much as the first one had offered, till he could stand it no longer, and going up to the table, threw down a golden coin, saying, “Dar, take dat.” It was given so ill-temperedly that the secretary answered: “No, dat won’t do yet. It may be according to the first and second resolutions, but not to the last.” At last he came up with a smile and handed a much larger gift. So the secretary accepted, and said: “That is very well, for it is according to all three resolutions.”

A NOBLE GIFT

A poor blind woman at a missionary meeting in Paris put twenty-seven francs in the plate. “You cannot afford so much,” said one. “Yes sir, I

can," she answered. On being asked to explain, she said, "I am blind, and I said to my fellow straw-workers, 'How much money do you spend in the year for oil for your lamps when it is too dark to work at night?' They replied 'Twenty-seven francs.' So," said the poor woman, "I have found that I save so much in the year because I am blind, and so do not need a lamp; and I give it to send light to the dark heathen lands."

FEELING IN THE WRONG PLACE

A plain, good hearted, matter-of-fact kind of man, who understood that a poor woman and her family were reduced to extreme distress by the loss of a cow, which was their principal support, generously went round among his neighbors to solicit that aid which he was unable to give himself. He told a plain, simple, and pathetic tale, and received from each a very liberal donation. But, thought he, this will not buy a cow, and so he redoubled his exertions, and to the same effect. He now lost all patience, and after being answered as usual by the son of Midas, with a plentiful shower of sympathetic feeling, he said "Oho, yes, I don't doubt your feeling, but you don't feel in the right place." "Oh," said he, "I feel with all my heart and soul." "Yes, yes," replied the solicitor, "I don't doubt that either, but I want you to feel in your pocket."

GIVE ALL YOU CAN

"And of all that Thou shalt give me, I will surely give the tenth unto Thee."

The late Bishop Selwyn used often to quote that motto of John Wesley's, "Save all you can and give all you save," and he did not think that charity began until after a tithe had been paid to God. "Whatever your income," he wrote once to his son, "remember that only nine-tenths of it are at your disposal.

A GENEROUS SOUL

A widow found pardon and peace in her Savior in her sixty-ninth year. Her gratitude and love overflowed and often refreshed the hearts of Christians of long experience. The house of God became very dear to her, and she was often seen to drop a gift in the church door box though her income was only 2s. 6d. per week. A fall in her seventy-second year prevented her ever coming out again.

A little boy being seen to drop something into the box, was asked what it was. He said, "It was Mrs. W——'s penny." He was told to take it back to her, and to say that her good intention was prized, but that her friends could not let her thus reduce her small means, especially as she could not come out to worship. She replied, "Boy, why did you let them see you give it? Take it again and put it in when no one sees you." Then weeping she said, "What! and am I not to be allowed to help in the work of God any more because I can't get out?"

GIVING

A lady, it is related, visited New York City, and saw on the sidewalk a ragged, cold, and hungry

little girl, gazing wistfully at some of the cakes in a shop window. She stopped and taking the little one by the hand, led her into the store. Though she was aware that bread might be better for the child than cake, yet desiring to gratify the shivering and forlorn one, she bought and gave her the cake she wanted. She then took her to another place, where she procured her a shawl and other articles of comfort. The grateful little creature looked the lady full in the face and with artless simplicity said, "Are you God's wife?"

GOD

GOD'S PRESENCE

Dr. A. J. Gordon introduces his book, "How Christ Came to Church," by relating a dream which proved more than a dream. He says, "It was Saturday night, when wearied with the work of preparing Sunday's sermon, that I fell asleep and the dream came." Then he relates how he observed, as he sat in the pulpit, a serious looking stranger in plain garb enter and find seat with a certain gentleman. Throughout the service the minister's eyes were held to this attentive hearer, but when he hastened down after service to speak to him, he had already gone. The gentleman with whom the stranger had sat said, "Why, do you not know that man? It was Jesus of Nazareth. Don't be troubled, he has been here to-day and no doubt will come again." The thought that the Lord himself had been listening to every word, led him to discern flaws in his sermon, in the singing, in every detail of the service. And the thought led the pastor and the Boston church to work as few others have done, to do always those things which are pleasing to Him.

GOD LOVES ME

An Englishman traveling by caravan over the Sahara, found under an oasis palm an Arab, who

had been left there alone to die. The Englishman, a sincere Christian, bent over the dying man, and gently asked him as to the future. Immediately the Arab's face lighted up, and he whispered, "All is well. God loves me." "Do you know of God's love?" asked the Englishman. The dying fingers fumbled at the bosom of the Arab robe, and held out a tiny piece of crumpled paper—part of a leaf of the New Testament in Arabic—and upon it were the words "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

That was all the Arab's Gospel, but following that ray of divine light, he had been led out of sin into Christ's sweet salvation, and was not afraid to die trusting in the precious promise of the God who loved him so.

GOD'S LOVE

Man's sin stretches far; but God's patient love overlaps it. It lasts long; but God's love is eternal. It resists miracles of chastisement and love; but He does not cease His use of the rod and staff. We can tire out all other forbearance, but not His. And however old and obstinate our rebellion, He awaits to pardon, and smiles but to heal.

(*A. McLaren*)

GOD IS LOVE

John iii, 16.

When Mr. Moody built his tabernacle in Chicago he was so anxious that every one that came there

should learn that God is Love, that he had these three words put into gas jets over the pulpit; so every night when the gas was lit there it blazed away over the preacher's head. "God is Love." Whether the preacher told it to the people or not, they could see it for themselves in letters of fire.

GOD'S CARE

A poor woman, in an Eastern city, made complaint to the Sultan that while she slept her all was taken by thieves. "Wherefore did you sleep?" asked the Sultan. "My Lord," was the response, "I slept because I thought you were ever awake." The Sultan, pleased with her simple faith in his care of his people, restored to her more than she had lost. How calmly may the Christian both lie down and sleep, knowing that his God is ever guarding him, for He slumbers not, neither is weary of watching.

GOD'S PATIENCE

It is observable that the Roman magistrates, when they gave sentence upon any one to be scourged, had a bundle of rods, tied hard with many knots, laid before them. The reason was this—that while the beadle was untying the knots, which he was to do by order, and not in any other hasty or sudden way, the magistrate might see the deportment and carriage of the delinquent—whether he was sorry for his fault, and showed any hope of amendment—that then he might re-

call his sentence or mitigate his punishment; otherwise, he was corrected so much the more severely. Thus God in the punishment of sinners—how patient is He; how loath to strike! how slow to anger!

(*Spencer*)

GOD'S POWER

In a roaring factory some years ago one of the machines stopped, and there was a hasty summons for the foreman. The one who operated it was a "green hand," and the foreman's remarks to him as he remedied the difficulty were emphatic and uncomplimentary. "Can't you see what your trouble is? You're disconnected, man!—uncoupled from the power. The belt's off. What did you suppose keeps the machines going? Thought you did it all yourself, did you? Well, the power's outside o' you, just recollect, and you'll get the benefit just as long as you keep connected up, and no longer!" A thousand times the homely illustration has both warned and encouraged me. Our affairs are at a standstill once God's power is not available to draw on. The great thought to take home is that the power is never arbitrarily taken away from us. We allow ourselves in some way to become "disconnected"! When the power-belt slips off the machine, it is dead, ineffective. When through sin or neglect we fail to keep up close unhindered connection with God as the one source of spiritual power, we have no strength for resistance or accomplishment.

(*Mrs. A. B. Bryant*)

GOD'S PITY

God's pity is not simply pity—it is a father's pity. If a man be found weltering by the road, wounded, and a stranger comes who never before had even seen him, he will pity him. No matter, if born under a different heaven, or speaking a different tongue, or worshiping at a different altar, he pities him; for the heart of a man speaks one language the world over, and suffering wakes compassion. But if, instead of being a stranger, it were a near neighbor, how much more tender the pity as he ran to his help! But if, instead of one who stood only in the offices of general and neighborhood kindness, it were a strong personal friend—yea, a brother—how much more intense would be the throbbing emotion of tenderness and pity! But all these fade away before the wild outcry of the man's own father who would give his life for his son, and who gives pity now, not by measure, but with such a volume that it is as if a soul were gushing out in all its life! But the noblest heart on earth is but a trickling stream from a faint and shallow fountain, compared with the ineffable soul and heart of God, the Everlasting Father. The pity of God is like a father's, in all that is tender, strong, and full, but not in scope and power. For every one of God's feelings moves in the sphere of the infinite.

GOSSIPING

NOT BUSYBODIES

A man who had become rich by his own exertions was asked by a friend the secret of his success. "I have accumulated," replied he, "about one-half of my property by attending strictly to my own business, and the other half by letting other people's alone."

A lady once made a complaint to Frederick the Great, king of Prussia. "Your Majesty," said she, "my husband treats me badly." "That is not my business," replied the king. "But he speaks ill of you." "That," replied he, "is none of your business."

SLANDER

A lady presented herself to Philip Neri one day accusing herself of being a slanderer. "Do you frequently fall into this fault?" inquired he. "Yes, father, very often," replied the penitent. "My dear child," said Philip, "your fault is great, but the mercy of God is still greater: for your penance do as follows: Go to the nearest market and purchase a chicken, just killed, and still covered with feathers: you will then walk to a certain distance, plucking the bird as you go along. Your walk finished, you will return to me." Accordingly she repaired to the market, bought the fowl, and set

out on the journey, plucking it as she went along, as she had been ordered to do. In a short time she returned, anxious to tell of her exactness in accomplishing her penance, and desiring to receive some explanation of one so singular. "Ah," said Philip, "you have been very faithful to the first part of my orders; now do the second part, and you will be cured. Retrace your steps, pass through all the places you have traversed, and gather up one by one all the feathers that you have scattered." "But, father," exclaimed the poor woman, "I cast the feathers carelessly on every side; the wind carried them in every direction. How can I recover them?" "Well, my child," replied he, "so it is with your words of slander; like the feathers which the wind has scattered, they have been wafted in many directions; call them back now if you can. Go, sin no more."

HEAVEN

“ ‘What is Heaven?’ I asked a child,
‘All joy’; and in her innocence she smiled.

I asked the aged, with her care oppressed,
All suffering o’er, ‘Oh, Heaven at last is rest.’

I asked the artist who adored his art—
‘Heaven is all beauty,’ spoke his raptured heart.

I asked the poet with his soul of fire,
“ ‘Tis glory,’ and he struck his lyre.

I asked the Christian waiting his release,
A halo ’round him, low he answered, ‘Peace.’

So all may look with hopeful eyes above,
‘Tis beauty, glory, joy, rest, peace and love.”

THREE WONDERS IN HEAVEN

John Newton said, “When I get to heaven, I shall see three wonders there;—the first wonder will be to see many people there whom I did not expect to see—the second wonder will be to miss many people whom I did expect to see—and the third, and greatest wonder of all, will be to find myself there.”

“YOU WILL BE A DUKE, BUT I SHALL BE A KING”

A consumptive disease seized the eldest son and heir of the Duke of Hamilton, which ended in his death. A little before his departure from the world, he lay ill at the family seat near Glasgow. Two ministers came to see him, one of whom at his request prayed with him. After the minister had prayed, the dying youth put his hand back, and took his Bible from under his pillow, and opened it at the passage, “I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day, and not to me only, but unto all them that love his appearing.” “This, sirs,” said he, “is all my comfort.” As he was lying one day on the sofa, his tutor was conversing with him on some astronomical subject, and about the nature of the fixed stars. “Ah,” said he, “in a little while I shall know more of this than all of you together.” When his death approached, he called his brother to his bedside, and, addressing him with the greatest affection and seriousness, he closed with these remarkable words, “And now Douglas, in a little time you will be a duke, but I shall be a king.”

THE CHILD'S ANSWERS

A little child, when dying, was asked where it was going. “To Heaven,” said the child. “And what makes you wish to be there?” “Because

Christ is there.” “But,” said a friend, “what if Christ should leave Heaven?” “Well,” said the child, “I will go with Him.”

THE WAY TO HEAVEN

Bishop Wilberforce was once asked whether he knew the way to Heaven. “Oh, yes,” replied the witty prelate, “I have known it from a child; take the first turn to the right, then keep straight on.” A better answer has never been given.

HOLY SPIRIT

THE MOTIVE POWER

Look at the electric wires; unconnected, they are dead, useless pieces of cord, but connect them with the motive power, whether near at hand or far away, and presently from these dead cords there comes a blaze of glory. They are nothing in themselves; and yet without them the engine might go for a thousand ages and we should get no light; but unless attached to the center they are useless. What we need is connection with the heavens, direct communication with the Source of light and fire. "Come, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire."

(Dr. Parker)

LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS

When I was in Baltimore last, my window looked out on an Episcopal church. The stained glass windows were dull and uninviting by day; but when the lights shone through at night, how beautiful they were! So when the Holy Spirit touches the eyes of your understanding, and you see Christ shining through the pages of the Bible, it becomes a new book to you.

(D. L. Moody)

THE PERSONALITY OF THE HOLY SPIRIT

A young student preparing for Cambridge was assailed by a certain village skeptic, who sneered at the idea of the Holy Ghost being a person. "Personality of the Spirit!" said he; "why, the Spirit is wind, breath, air: the very Greek word shows you this; for it simply means wind." "Be it so," replied the youth; "then be so good as to tell me the meaning of this passage, 'Except a man be born of water and of the wind he cannot enter the kingdom of God. That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the wind is wind.' " The skeptic had no answer; and the student concluded, "Your words are born of the wind, but not of the Spirit."

HOME

HOME

Home's not merely four square walls,
Though with pictures hung and gilded;
Home is where affection calls,
Filled with shrines the heart hath builded!
Home! go watch the faithful dove,
Sailing 'neath the heaven above us;
Home is where there's one to love!
Home is where there's one to love us!

Home's not merely roof and room,
It needs something to endear it;
Home is where the heart can bloom,
Where there's some kind lip to cheer it!
What is home with none to meet,
None to welcome, none to greet us?
Home is sweet—and only sweet—
When there's one we love to meet us!

IF EVERY HOME WERE AN ALTAR

If every home were an altar
Where holiest vows were paid,
And life's best gifts in sacrament
Of purest love were laid;

If every home were an altar
Where harsh or angry thought

Was cast aside for kindly one,
And true forgiveness sought;

If every home were an altar
Where hearts weighed down with care
Could find sustaining strength and grace
In sweet uplift of prayer:

Then solved would be earth's problems,
Banished sin's curse and blight;
For God's own love would radiate
From every altar light.

HOME, SWEET HOME!

"Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem."

One night on the banks of the Potomac, as the Confederate and the Union armies lay opposite each other, the Union bands played "The Star-Spangled Banner," "Hail, Columbia!" and other Union songs; and the Confederates in contest played "Dixie," and other pieces of their side. It seemed that each would play the other down. By-and-by a band struck up "Home, Sweet Home!" The conflict ceased. The bands on the other side struck up "Home, Sweet Home!" and voices from opposite sides of the river joined the chorus, "There is no place like home."

THREE LESSONS FOR CHILDREN

"And forsake not the law of thy mother."

John Ruskin, in counting up the blessings of his

childhood, reckoned these three for first good—Peace: he had been taught the meaning of peace in thought, act, and word; had never heard father's or mother's voice once raised in any dispute, nor seen an angry glance in the eyes of either, nor had seen a moment's trouble or disorder in any household matter. Next to this he estimates obedience—he obeyed word or lifted finger of father or mother as a ship her helm, without an idea of resistance; and lastly Faith—nothing was ever promised him that was not given; nothing ever threatened him that was not inflicted, and nothing ever told him that was not true.

HONESTY

THE HONEST HORSE TRADERS

Two aged men near Marshalton, Va., traded, or according to Virginia parlance, swapped, horses on this condition: that on that day week, the one who thought he had the best of the bargain, should pay to the other two bushels of wheat. The day came, and, strange as it may seem, they met about half-way between their respective homes. "Where art thou going?" said one. "To thy house with the wheat," answered the other. "And whither art thou riding?" "Truly," replied the other, "I was taking the wheat to thy house." Each, pleased with the bargain, had thought the wheat justly due to his neighbor, and was going to pay it.

THE TWO FARMERS

Two neighboring farmers had a dispute respecting the right to a certain meadow, and they could not compromise the matter. An action at law was accordingly brought to determine it. On the day appointed for the trial, one of the farmers, having dressed himself in his Sunday clothes, called upon his opponent to accompany him to the Judge. Finding his neighbor at work on his ground, he said to him, "Is it possible you can have forgotten that our cause is to be decided to-day?" "No," said the other, "I have not forgotten it; but I cannot well spare time to go. I knew you

would be there, and I am sure you are an honest man, and will say nothing but the truth. You will state the case fairly, and justice will be done." And so it proved; for the farmer who went to the Judge, stated his neighbor's claim so clearly, that the cause was decided against himself; and he returned to inform his opponent that he had gained the property.

THE POOR BOY AND THE WALLET

A lad was proceeding to an uncle's to petition him for aid for a sick sister and her children, when he found a wallet containing fifty dollars. The aid was refused, and the distressed family were pinched for want. The boy revealed the fortune to his mother, but expressed a doubt about using any portion of the money. His mother confirmed the doubt, and they resolved not to use it. The pocket-book was advertised, and the owner found. Being a man of wealth, upon learning the history of the family, he presented the fifty dollars to the sick mother and took the boy into his service, and he became one of the most successful merchants in Ohio. Honesty always brings its reward to the mind, if not to the pocket.

THE BEGGAR AND DR. SMOLLETT

A beggar asking Dr. Smollett for alms, he gave him through mistake a guinea. The poor fellow perceiving it, hobbled after him to return it; upon which Smollett returned it to him, with another guinea as a reward for his honesty, exclaiming at the same time, "What a lodging has honesty taken up with!"

HOPE

HOPE

In that well-known picture called "Hope," painted by Mr. G. F. Watts, the figure sits, robed in the most beautiful of blues, firmly on the round earth, from which all else is fled. The lyre alone is left her, and only one string of this remains unbroken. Blindfolded as she is, she leans her ear close to the one unbroken string, and draws from it the music that still is latent there. So intent is she on the music that is left that all losses are forgotten, and the whole attention is centered on the spot whence music can be drawn.

BISHOP BEVERIDGE AND HIS FRIENDS

When the pious Bishop Beveridge was on his death-bed he did not know any of his friends or connections. A minister with whom he had been well acquainted visited him, and when conducted into his room he said: "Bishop Beveridge, do you know me?" Being told who the minister was, he said that he did not know him. Another friend came who had been equally well known, and accosted him in a similar manner: "Do you know me, Bishop Beveridge?" "Who are you?" said he. Being told it was one of his intimate friends, he said he did not know him. His wife then came to his bedside and asked him if he knew her.

“Who are you?” said he. Being told she was his wife, he said he did not know her. “Well,” said one of them, “Bishop Beveridge, do you know the Lord Jesus Christ?” “Jesus Christ!” said he, reviving as if the name had produced upon him the influence of a charm; “OH! yes, I have known Him these forty years; precious Savior, he is my only hope!”

HOPE AND ITS REWARD

A little hope planted in another body's garden is apt to fly a seed and sprout in your own patch.
(*M. T. D.*)

HUMILITY

THE HUMBLE FIT FOR HIGHEST SERVICE

A group of church members, on a tour, were delayed at a railway station. One of them, after looking at a locomotive engine, asked his friends what part of the engine they would choose to be if it represented the Church. One replied, "I would be the brake, for that is often needed for safety." Another said, "I would prefer to be the whistle, calling people's attention to the fact that 'the King's business requireth haste.'"

"And I would like to be the boiler, for that is an essential part of the engine." "What would you like to be, brother?" said one to a quiet man who had not replied. "Oh," said he, "I think I am only fit to be the coal, ready to be consumed so long as the engine moves."

JOY

SHARING JOY

A wealthy man displaying one day his jewels to a philosopher, the latter said, "Thank you, sir, for being willing to share such magnificent jewels with me." "Share them with you, sir?" exclaimed the man; "what do you mean?" "Why, you allow me to look at them, and what more can you do with them yourself?" replied the philosopher.

JUDGMENT

PHOTOGRAPHING THE HEART

Mr. Moody used to say, that if a photographer came into the country who could photograph people's hearts he would starve to death before he could get a customer. You would not want a photograph of your heart taken, pure man, or woman, as you are. But in judgment every secret thing shall be revealed.

GOD SHALL BRING EVERY WORK INTO JUDGMENT

Thomas A. Edison announces his latest invention, the telescribe, a combination of telephone and phonograph, by which he claims telephone conversations may be perfectly recorded on a wax record though the persons conversing be 3,000 miles apart. A generation of invention and scientific development is centered in the new apparatus, which Mr. Edison says "the world will soon recognize as a great commercial asset." The latest invention of the great scientist reveals not only his intellectual penetration into the secrets of Nature, but his enormous energy and sustained application, which are a part of his genius. With such marvels revealed in the natural world, there ought to be no hesitancy in believing in the indestructibility of human thought and word, or of

records of words and deeds kept in memory and conscience, and in the book of the Judge, to be unrolled at the Last Day. This solemn fact it is worth our while to consider: "For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil."

THE DARK DAY AND THE LEGISLATOR

The 19th of May, 1788, was remarkably dark in Connecticut. Candles were lighted in many houses; the birds were silent and disappeared; the domestic fowls retired to roost. The people were impressed by the idea that the day of judgment was at hand. This opinion was entertained by the legislature, at that time sitting at Hartford. The house of representatives adjourned; the council proposed to follow the example. Colonel Davenport objected. "The day of judgment," he said, "is either approaching, or it is not. If it is not, there is no cause for an adjournment; if it is, I choose to be found doing my duty. I wish, therefore, that candles may be brought."

EVERLASTING PUNISHMENT

"And these shall go away into everlasting punishment."

A venerable minister once preached a sermon on the last judgment. On the next day some thoughtless men agreed that one of their number should go to him, and, if possible, draw him into a discussion. He went accordingly, and began the conversation, saying, "I believe there is a small

dispute between you and me, and I thought that I would call this morning and try to settle it." "Ah!" said the good man, "what is it?" "Why," he replied, "you say that the war of the finally impenitent will be eternal, and I do not think it will." "Oh, if that is all," he answered, "there is no dispute between you and me. If you turn to Matthew xxv. 46, you will find that the dispute is between you and the Lord Jesus Christ, and I would advise you to go immediately and settle it with Him."

KINDNESS

LIKE JESUS

“He shall judge the poor of the people, He shall save the children of the needy, and shall break in pieces the oppressor.”

Mr. Sherman had an excellent Christian wife, greatly beloved by all who knew her, and especially so by the poor. A lady overheard some poor women speaking of her. “There she is,” said one of them, “the dear creature; she is like Jesus Christ.” “How so?” asked another. “I know she is very good; but why is she like Jesus Christ?” “Because,” was the reply, “she never despises any one, and has always a smile and a kind word for the poor.”

A CUP OF COLD WATER

“Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward.”

“Mother,” asked little Phoebe Cary, “have you nothing I can carry to poor Aunt Molly?” Phoebe’s mother was poor, and her cupboard was empty that morning. “I wish I had, Phoebe,” said she. “Can you think of anything?” Phoebe thought a moment, and then said, “I’ve only a flower. I will take her a sweet-pea.” Now

Phoebe had a sweet-pea which she had planted under the window, and as it grew and flowered, both mother and daughter enjoyed it. Phoebe picked a fine blossom, and ran down the lane to poor Aunt Molly's cottage. This was a poor old sick woman, who for a whole year had lain on her bed, suffering great pain. In the afternoon a lady called to see Aunt Molly and noticed the sweet-pea in a cracked tumbler near the poor woman's bed. "That pretty posy," said Aunt Molly, looking up with a grateful smile, "was brought to me this morning by a little girl, who said it was all she had to bring. I am sure it is worth a great deal to know I'm thought of. And as I look at it, it brings up the image of green fields and the posies I used to pick when I was young; yes, and it makes me think what a wonderful God we have! If this little flower is not beneath His making and His care, He won't overlook a poor creature like me!" Tears came into the lady's eyes, and what did she think? She thought, "If you have only a flower to give, give that; for, by the Savior's words, even a cup of cold water, given in a Christian spirit, shall not lose its reward."

IT PAYS TO BE KIND

We picked up the following from some paper. "There is a wise saying among the Arabs that runs about like this: 'When you cross the desert, plant trees by the way. You may return old and weary, to sit under their shadow and eat of their fruit.' This is worth carrying into effect as we go about our daily tasks."

LOVE

LOOK AT THE GAUGE

In an engine-room it is impossible to look into the great boiler and see how much water it contains. But running up beside it is a tiny glass tube, which serves as a gauge. As the water stands in the little tube, so it stands in the great boiler. When the tube is half-full, the boiler is half-full; when the tube is empty, the boiler is empty. Do you ask, "How do I know I love God? I believe I love Him, but I want to know." Look at the gauge. Your love for your brother is the measure of your love for God.

MENIAL TOIL

At a grand organ recital, the organ-blower was suddenly taken ill. Immediately, a celebrated composer, present in the organ-loft, stepped forward and took his place at the bellows. At the close of the performance, some who found out what had occurred remonstrated with the composer for doing such menial work. "Menial work!" cried he. "I love music so much that nothing I can do for it seems menial." We should love Christ so well that nothing that we can do for him seems menial.

AN ARTIST'S CONFESSION

It is said that when the late M. Gustave Doré was busy painting the face of Jesus in one of his

pictures, a lady friend visited his studio, and her attention was immediately riveted upon the face. As she stood there, the artist from one corner of the room watched closely the eager face of his lady friend. Suddenly, turning round and facing the artist, she said: "M. Doré, why do you look at me so anxiously?" "I wanted to watch the impression that face produced upon you—and I think you like it."

"Yes, I do," she replied; "and do you know that I was thinking that you could not paint such a face of Christ unless you loved Him." "Unless I loved Him!" said Doré! "Well, I trust that I do—and that most sincerely—but as I love Him more I shall paint Him better."

THY LOVE HAS WON

The Master came one night to the door, and knocked with the iron hand of the law. The door shook and trembled on its hinges, but the man piled every piece of furniture which he could find against the door, for he said, "I will not admit Him." The Master turned away, but by and by He returned, and with His own soft hand, using most that part where the nail had penetrated, He knocked again, oh, so softly and tenderly. This time the door did not shake, but, strange to say, it opened, and there upon his knees, the once-unwilling host was found rejoicing to receive his guest. "Come in, come in. Thou hast so knocked that my heart is moved to Thee. I could not think of Thy pierced hand leaving its blood-marks on my door, and of Thy going away homeless, Thy

head filled with the dew. I yield. Thy love has won my heart."

(*C. H. Spurgeon*)

A SERVANT'S LOVE

A friend once said to the Count of Toulouse, "I don't know what it is you do to charm all the people about you; but though you have two hundred servants, I believe there is scarcely any one of them that would not die to save your life." "That may be," replied the Count, "but I would rather lose two hundred lives than that one of them should suffer." This amply explains the servants' devotion, and it illustrates the love of Christians for the Lord. "We love Him because He first loved us."

LOVING CHRIST BETTER THAN RELATIVES

A martyr was asked, whether he did not love his wife and children, who stood weeping by him. "Love them!" said he. "Yes, if all the world were gold, and at my disposal, I would give it all for the satisfaction of living with them, though it were in prison; yet, in comparison with Christ, I love them not."

NONE BUT CHRIST

John Lambert suffered in the year 1538. No man was used at the stake with more cruelty than this holy martyr. They burned him with a slow fire by inches. But God was with him in the midst of the flame, and supported him in all the

anguish of nature. Just before he expired, he lifted up such hands as he had all flaming with fire, and cried out to the people with his dying voice, with these glorious words, "None but Christ! None but Christ!" He was at last bent down into the fire and expired.

"LOVEST THOU ME?"

In one of the general associations, held in South and North Wales, of different Sunday Schools to be publicly catechized together, a young girl answered the close questions put by the Savior to Peter. "Lovest thou me?" When she came to answer the third time, she was overcome by her feelings, and burst into tears, in which she was accompanied by the larger part of the congregation. Silence continued for a few minutes, all the people solemnly waiting her reply, when recovering herself, she cried out, "Thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee!" Happy indeed are those who, by the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, can thus speak!

ENDURING LOVE

I have a friend who has been for nearly twenty years partially paralyzed. Little by little the dread disease has been creeping up to his brain, leaving that clear and active to the last. His feet, his hands, his back, his tongue, one after the other has yielded to the benumbing palsy. But I have never heard a word of complaint from him or his devoted wife, who has waited on him most un-

tiringly all these years. At last her turn came, and an accident sent her to the hospital, where she lost a foot, and can now only hobble around on crutches as she cares for him. He was a brilliant, beloved and successful pastor, a leader in his denomination. Yet with all these bright prospects overclouded, and all these hopes shattered, and all this suffering to endure, his is one of the happiest homes I know. The last word I heard from his wife, for my friend cannot now plainly speak, was, "Oh, we do have good times in this house! We were never happier."

Such is the lesson our Lord teaches us concerning the love which suffereth long and is still kind, the love which beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Such is the uncomplaining fortitude of our Master Christ.

(Rev. F. A. Clark)

MARTYRS

IN THE FURNACE

“He answered and said, Lo, I see four men loose, walking in the midst of the fire, and they have no hurt; and the form of the fourth is like the Son of God.”

Blandina was one of the early Christian martyrs at Lyons, in the year 177 A. D. They roasted her on a red-hot iron chair, put her in a net, and exposed her to the horns of the wildest oxen; whirled her in instruments of torture till her senses were lost, and then plunged her into flames; and day after day did that, while she apparently experienced little pain, calling out at every interval when her strength came back: “I am a believer in the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, one God, who is with me. There is no evil done among us. I am a Christian.” And so she passed hence, but speaks to us as one yet living.

AN OLD MARTYR FOR CHRIST

“Then these men were bound in their coats, their hosen, and their hats, and their other garments, and were cast into the midst of the burning fiery furnace.”

Rawlins White, an old martyr, was very decrepit, and for years he had been bowed almost double, and could hardly walk; but he was con-

demned to death, and on his way to the stake, we are told, the bonds of his body seemed to break, and he roused himself up as straight and exuberant as an athlete, and walked to the fire singing victory over the flames. Ah, it was the joy of dying for Jesus that straightened his body, and roused his soul!

DEATH OF JEROME

When the executioner went behind Jerome of Prague to set fire to the pile, "Come here," said the martyr, "and kindle it before my eyes; for, if I dreaded such a sight, I should never have come to this place when I had a free opportunity to escape." The fire was kindled, and he then sang a hymn, which was soon finished by the encircling flames.

HOOPER AT THE STAKE

Bishop Hooper was condemned to be burned at Gloucester, in Queen Mary's reign. A gentleman, with the view of inducing him to recant, said to him, "Life is sweet, and death is bitter." Hooper replied, "The death to come is more bitter, and the life to come more sweet. I am come hither to end this life, and suffer death, because I will not gainsay the truth I have here formerly taught you." When brought to the stake, a box, with a pardon from the queen in it, was set before him. The determined martyr cried out, "If you love my soul, away with it; if you love my soul, away with it."

MOTHER

MOTHERHOOD HONORED

ALL that I am mother made me.

(*J. D. Adams*)

All that I am or hope to be, I owe to my Angel mother.

(*Lincoln*)

Let France have good mothers and she will have good sons.

(*Napoleon*)

I will desire for a friend the son who never resisted the tears of his mother.

(*Lacritelle*)

Unhappy is the man for whom his own mother has not made all other mothers venerable.

(*Richter*)

If you would reform the world from its errors and vices, begin by enlisting the mothers.

(*C. Simeon*)

A MOTHER'S LOVE

On Long Island Sound there is a light which is known as the Stamford Beacon Light. One Spring day the keeper started away from the lighthouse towards Stamford, Connecticut, expecting to be back before the time to light his light. He made his journey in a naphtha launch,

and the launch was disabled and began to drift, and drifted through the night. He was terror-stricken because he was afraid the light would not be on, and a wreck might be the result, and it seems he saw the light gleaming in the darkness, and it seems that his old mother, ill in bed, had climbed the tower and kept the light going until her boy came home. She then staggered down the steps and fainted from exhaustion.

(A. Chapman)

A GREAT MISTAKE

There was a mother in Philadelphia whose boy professed to accept Christ in our meetings, and hastened home to tell his mother; but he found her interested in bridge whist, and much absorbed in the game. When he leaned forward and whispered to her telling what he had done, she brushed him aside, saying, "Run away, my boy, I will talk with you about that again," and the boy came back to our meeting to say that he had decided not to be a Christian. "For," said he, "if Christ is real, then I am quite sure my mother is not a Christian, or she would not have treated me with such indifference."

(A. Chapman)

THY MOTHER

Lead thy mother tenderly,
Down life's steep decline;
Once her arm was thy support,
Now she leans on thine.
See upon her loving face
Those deep lines of care?

Think—it was her toil for thee
Left that record there.

Ne'er forget her tireless watch
Kept by day and night,
Taking from her step the grace,
From her eyes the light;
Cherish well her faithful heart,
Which through weary years
Echoed with its sympathy,
All thy smiles and tears.

Thank God for thy mother's love,
Guard the priceless boon;
For the bitter parting hour
Cometh all too soon.
When thy grateful tenderness
Loses power to save,
Earth will hold no dearer spot,
Than thy mother's grave.

THE NOBLEST WORK OF GOD

“Honor thy father and thy mother.”

A little boy hearing a party of gentlemen applauding the sentiment “an honest man is the noblest work of God,” boldly said, “No”; and being asked, “What do you think is the noblest work of God?” said, “My mother.” That boy made a good man. Who can doubt it?

MOTHER'S FACE

It was there, back there, in the dear, sweet years,
When the world was gay, with no clouds or
tears,

I remember well how the sunlight streamed,
In my laughing eyes—Ah, I never dreamed
I should set my feet such a long, long way
When I said “Good-by” at the gate that day!
Ah, the yearning smile and the tender glow
On my mother’s face as I turned to go!

Oh, how could I know that the road was long?
That my heart would ache for the fireside song?
That the warmth and cheer of the hearthstone
bright
Would bewitch my dreams in the lonely night.
And how could I know that the coaxing star
Would beckon me on to the lands afar?
That through the sunshine fair, and through
shadows grim
I would roam the earth to its farthest rim?

But at last I’m home, and I stand and wait,
With a haunting fear, by the little gate.
There’s a mystic change over mead and wold
Which the years have wrought with their cunning bold.
Will the dear scenes welcome me back again?
Is it home, my home, just the same as then?
But the wide door creaks, and a face I see,
Ah, my mother’s face—it is home to me!

OBEDIENCE

Travelers among the Alps tell us that they come to have a peculiar feeling, unlike any other, for their Alpine guide. Not a feeling of companionship, fellowship, or friendship alone, but a combination of all three. This feeling, they say, is produced by their obedience to the guide's commands, and the men who have guided them through the Alps always seem to them different from any other men. Our Guide once said, "If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love"—that is, in Him. Simple obedience, then, will produce in us a feeling of confidence in Jesus Christ that all the religious zeal and fervor in the world could not produce without obedience.

WHAT ARE HIS MARCHING ORDERS?

In the early days of modern missions, so the story goes, two young men were discussing the "foolishness of wasting money and throwing away life in mission work." They appealed to an old field marshal of England: "Don't you think it is a foolish thing for men and women to expose themselves to disease and death in an effort to change the religion of foreign peoples? And don't you think it is wrong to give money for their encouragement and support?"

The old marshal, who knew nothing for a soldier

but unequivocal obedience, said: "Are you not soldiers under the command of Christ? Well, what are his marching orders?" "Go ye unto all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."

(Mark 16:15)

OBEDIENCE

"‘Sir,’ said the Duke of Wellington to an officer of engineers, who urged the impossibility of executing the directions he had received, ‘I did not ask your opinion, I gave you my orders, and I expect them to be obeyed.’ Such should be the obedience of every follower of Jesus. The words which He has spoken are our law, not our judgment or fancies. Even if death were in the way, it is

‘Not ours to reason why—
Ours but to dare and die,’

and, at our Master’s bidding, advance through flood or flame.”

OPPORTUNITY

Years ago there worked in Italy a great artist in mosaics. He had an apprentice boy, who cleaned and swept his studio. The lad noticed how many pretty chips of glass and stone were thrown upon the floor and swept away, and he asked his master if he might have these. Some months after, the master was surprised to find hidden in a store-room a beautiful piece of mosaic work—executed by the lad with the broken, discarded chips. Thus we should gather up the fragments of our time, our knowledge, our opportunities, etc., and work them into a life-mosaic of usefulness to others and glory to Christ.

THE COMMON PLACE

There is the legend of an artist who long sought for a piece of sandalwood, out of which to carve a Madonna. He was about to give up in despair, leaving the vision of his life unrealized, when in a dream he was bidden to carve his Madonna from a block of oak wood which was destined for the fire. He obeyed and produced his masterpiece from this log of common fire-wood. Many of us lose great opportunities in life by waiting to find sandalwood for our carvings, when they lie hidden in the common logs we burn.

NEGLECTED OPPORTUNITIES

A lady was seated under a large tree reading a very interesting book. Suddenly the wind brought a beautiful many-tinted autumn leaf and laid it by her side. She noticed it and said to herself, "What a lovely leaf! I must not forget to pick it up after I have finished this chapter." But when she finished the chapter and looked for the leaf—it was gone. If the wind could have spoken I fancy it would have said, "Madam, I brought the leaf and placed it where you could secure it by merely reaching out your hand. But you chose to leave it until a more convenient time; therefore I have sent it away, where, though you reach forever, you will never find it again; and even if, after many days' searching, you could find it, it would not be the same, for the beautiful tints would be gone."

(*Everest*)

PRAYER

ANSWERED PRAYER

A rich farmer, during his prayer at family worship one day, petitioned God long and earnestly that help for their bodily needs might be sent to a very poor family living near by. His small son was observed to be deep in thought afterwards, and at last ran to his father with a bright face. "Daddy," said the child, "you can answer your prayer for poor old Smith yourself, can't you?"

A MODEL PRAYER

The Duchess of Gordon learnt this prayer from a poor man: "Lord, Jesus, from Whom all Grace comes, give me Grace to feel my need of Grace; and give me Grace to ask for Grace; then give me Grace to receive Grace; and when Grace is given me, give me Grace to use Grace. Amen."

LIVING UP TO CHRIST'S PRAYER

The bride came down the stairs the first morning after the return from the honeymoon, patted the silver, looked around, pushed the button calling the cook, and when that worthy made her appearance, said, "Fred—I beg your pardon, Mr. Thompson—will be down in a few minutes, and we will

have prayers. We want you to join us." "But I'm not religious," said the cook, "I ain't been to church for five years. It's all right for you to have prayers; I shouldn't respect you if you didn't; but I don't want to come in." "Well, come in for a week, anyway, won't you?" said the young mistress, and the cook came. The head of the house came down, read a chapter—he was a beautiful reader—then they knelt while he prayed. It was a phonograph prayer, one he had heard his father offer a hundred times. It had nothing original in it. The next morning he prayed for "the sick and afflicted." After he was gone the cook asked, "Who's sick?" "I don't know as anybody is," replied her mistress. "Why do you ask?" "Why, the master prayed for the sick; I wondered who it was; and, as this is my afternoon off, I thought I'd take a can of currant jelly around." She never suspected, of course, that it was just a prayer and didn't mean anything personal, only the sick in general. It was the day to pray for the sick. When Fred came home at noon, his wife said, "Who is sick?" "I don't know; why?" was the reply. "Cook wanted to know whom you were praying for this morning. It is her afternoon off and she wants to take a can of currant jelly to the sick, whoever it is." Mr. Thompson meditated, then said, "Come to think of it there is the carpenter down at the shop who broke his leg. They are going to give him a purse. If I'm going to maintain my credit with the cook, I guess I'll have to do something besides pray for the sick. I'll stop on my way back to business."

Jesus prayed that they might all be one and, friends, we have got to commence living up to that prayer or discredit the church of Jesus Christ before the world.

(Rev. O. P. Gifford, D. D.)

PRAYER

Three doors there are in the temple
Where men go up to pray,
And they that wait at the outer gate
May enter by either way.

There are some that pray by asking;
They lie on the Master's breast,
And shunning the strife of the lower life,
They utter their cry for rest.

There are some that pray by seeking;
They doubt where their reason fails,
But their mind's despair is the ancient prayer
To touch the print of the nails.

There are some that pray by knocking;
They put their strength to the wheel,
For they have not time for thoughts sublime;
They can only act what they feel.

Father, give each his answer,
Each in his kindred way;
Adapt thy light to his form of night,
And grant him his needed day.

(William Watson)

REVIVAL THROUGH PRAYER

All the mighty works of God have been attended with great prayer, as well as with great faith. Have ye ever heard of the commencement of the great American revival? A man, unknown and obscure, laid it up in his heart to pray that God would bless his country. After praying and wrestling and making the soul-stirring inquiry, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do? Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" he hired a room, and put up an announcement that there would be a prayer-meeting held there at such-and-such an hour of the day. He went at the proper hour, and there was not a single person there; he began to pray, and prayed for half an hour alone. One came in at the end of the half-hour, and then two more, and I think he closed with six. The next week came around, and there might have been fifty dropped in at different times. At last the prayer-meetings grew to a hundred; then others began to start prayer-meetings; at last there was scarcely a street in New York that was without a prayer-meeting. Merchants found time to run in, in the middle of the day, to pray. The prayer-meetings became daily ones, lasting for about an hour; petitions and requests were sent up; these were simply asked and offered before God, and the answers came; and many were the happy hearts that stood up and testified that the prayer offered last week had been already fulfilled. Then it was when they were all earnest in prayer, suddenly the Spirit of God fell upon the people, and it was

rumored that in a certain village a preacher had been preaching in thorough earnest, and there had been hundreds converted in a week. The matter spread into and through the Northern States. These revivals of religion became universal, and it has been sometimes said, that a quarter of a million people were converted to God through the short space of two or three months.

(Charles H. Spurgeon)

SOMETHING TO STAND ON

A good old presiding elder came home one day and his wife said to him: "Husband, the cow is sick. It's a good cow, and if it dies we can't afford to buy another. I've done everything I can for her but I think she's going to die." Said the elder, "Have you prayed for her?" "No," said she, "do you think that would be any good?" "Well," said the old elder, "have you anything to stand on? Have you given away any of the cow's milk or butter?" "Yes," said she, "I've given a quart of milk to old brother Scott every day, and butter when I could spare it." "Well," said her husband, "I guess you can stand on the butter and milk and pray to the Lord and He'll hear you." Next morning the cow was better. Her mistress had stood on the milk and butter and prayed to God. If you have anything to stand on the Lord will hear your prayer.

WORKS AS WELL AS PRAYERS

"Didn't you know it was wrong to eat those preserves?" said a mother to her little boy, whose face showed what he had been doing.

“Yes, mamma, I did, and I prayed to God to forgive me all the time I was eating them.” William Carey tells us he prayed very earnestly that he might not be caught in a lie, though he was not very sorry for the lying. Men who pray while they willingly sin can never walk with God.

(Dixon)

STEEPED IN PRAYER

There was once a farmer that always sowed good seed in his field, yet he never could get good crops. One day a friend came to him and said, “I can tell you why you never get your seed to grow well; you never steep your seed.” “But I never heard of seed being steeped,” said the farmer. “It should be steeped,” replied his friend, “and I can also tell you what it should be steeped in. It should be steeped in prayer.” This, at least, is true of spiritual seed. The word of God which we preach grows only when we steep it in much prayer; and that is what Jesus did. He went to the hillside and spent hours in prayer, and therefore when He spoke to the people He spoke with power.

(R. P. A.)

NATION'S LEADERS KNELT IN PRAYER

How President Wilson went down on his knees and led his cabinet in prayer at a recent meeting was told in Indianapolis last week by Bishop William F. Anderson of Cincinnati, at a session of the Indiana Methodist Episcopal Conference. A United States senator told the Bishop of the incident. The senator had heard it from one of

the cabinet members who had prayed with the President.

“When the President arrived at the cabinet meeting,” said Bishop Anderson, “his face wore a solemn look. It was evident that serious affairs of the nation were on his mind. He said to the cabinet members: ‘I don’t know whether you men believe in prayer or not. I do. Let us pray and ask the help of God.’

“And right there the President of the United States fell on his knees and the members of the cabinet did the same, and the President offered a prayer.

“While the war rages in Europe, we in this country should thank God that in this crisis of the world we have a chief executive who is a servant of God and who stands with his hand in the hand of God. Every minister in the land should every time he offers a prayer take Woodrow Wilson by the hand and lead him into the presence of God, and ask that he be given strength to continue to be the great apostle of peace among men.”

There was a chorus of “Amens” from the ministers. Later a telegram expressing confidence of the delegates in him was sent to the President.

WESLEY’S GRATITUDE

When John Wesley was less than six years old his father’s house was burned. All the family got out but this child. He ran to the door of his bedroom, but raging flames drove him back. He appeared at the window and his parents saw him.

One man stood underneath the window and another climbed on his shoulders, and the boy was saved. Then the father said: "Let us kneel down; let us give thanks to God. He has given me all my eight children. Let the house go, I am rich enough."

THE SENTINEL

The morning is the gate of day,
But ere you enter there
See that you set, to guard it well,
The sentinel of prayer.

So shall God's grace your steps attend,
But nothing else pass through
Save what can give the countersign:
The Father's will for you.

When you have reached the end of day,
Where night and sleep await,
Set there the sentinel again
To bar the evening's gate.

So shall no fear disturb your rest,
No danger and no care,
For only peace and pardon pass
The watchful guard of prayer.

WE BLESS THY NAME

Infinite Truth and Might whose love
Unmeasured ceaseless bounties prove
Our guide and Refuge, Guard and Stay,

Our Light by night, our Shade by day—
Before thine altar, Lord Most High,
Thy Name we bless and magnify.

Because our fainting souls have fed
On heavenly wine and living bread;
Because our ears thy Voice have heard,
And in our life thy Life hath stirred—
Before thine altar, Lord Most High,
Thy Name we bless and magnify.

For all thy goodness has supplied,
For all thy wisdom has denied,
For all thy love away has ta'en
Of what we counted joy or gain—
Before thine altar, Lord Most High,
Thy Name we bless and magnify.

(John Power)

THIS, LORD, WE ASK

The consciousness of sins forgiven,
The practice of the peace of heaven,
The joy that comes from service given—
This, Lord, we ask. Grant it we pray.

The happiness of Scripture stored,
The strength acquired from sin ignored,
The sons of God in blest accord—
This, Lord, we ask. Grant it we pray.

The breaking down of social wrong,
The saving of this world's great throng,
The filling of our lives with song—
This, Lord, we ask. Grant it we pray.

The death of hate, the end of war,
The birth of love that naught can mar,
The reign of peace, both near and far—
This, Lord, we ask. Grant it we pray.
(Frank MacDonald)

WAITING

Teach me to wait, O Father,
When the days are dark and long,
When the hands that would work must be idle
And the plans that I make go wrong.
Teach me to wait and have courage,
Teach me to wait and be strong.

Teach me to wait, O Father,
When my hopes seem all in vain,
When my hands with work grow weary,
And life is full of pain.
Teach me to wait with endurance,
To wait and not complain.

Teach me to wait, O Father,
For the joys that slip away
From the hands stretched out to grasp them,
Entreating them to stay.
Teach me to wait and have patience
To wait and hope each day.
(Caroline H. Burgess)

ANSWERED PRAYERS

A company of young inquirers once met in a pastor's study, to talk with him about their immortal interests. They could give no particular cause for the anxiety which had so suddenly come

over them, but as one expressed it, he thought "Somebody must have been praying." And so it proved. A company of pious mothers and sisters had been for some time entreating God to awaken and convert their souls, "and the Lord hearkened and heard them."

PERSISTENCE

PERSISTENCE REWARDED

It is not special, so much as steady effort, that wins. A very little girl attempted to carry a ton of coal, a shovelful at a time, from the sidewalk to a bin in the cellar. An observer asked her, "Do you expect to get all that coal in with that little shovel?" "Yes, sir," she answered, "if I work long enough." That little girl had the true philosophy of success. Persistence is a quality which is essential to success. Thousands are making failures in life, who would succeed if they "worked long enough." Don't give up because you find mountains in your way. Step by step you can scale them. All you have to do is to keep stepping.

PREACHING

A GENTLE VOICE

"Mother," said a little girl, "I like our preacher when he comes to see us, but I don't like to hear him preach." On being asked why, she said, "His preaching sounded like scolding all the time."

NOT TAKING ORDERS

An exchange relates the following interview between a layman and a minister:

"Doctor, I heard you preach last Sunday. I was greatly moved by your sermon. But, if you will permit me, I would like to offer this criticism: I am a business man at the head of a large concern. We send out many salesmen. If one of my salesmen went into a prospective customer's place of business, talked as convincingly for one hour as you did last Sunday about the fine qualities of our goods, and then walked out without trying to get an order, we would discharge him."

And the minister, afterward relating the incident, added:

"I was rebuked. The layman was right. I was pleading for a verdict. I sought no announcement of it. I was selling goods. I did not try to get an order."

The rebuke was, of course, due. The marked lack in most sermons is the absence of appeal for immediate results. The effort to please, to in-

terest, to inform is apparent; but to seek for and expect the sermon to come back in renewed consecration is quite beyond the intent or hope of many preachers.

MAKE EACH PAINTING THE BEST

Sir Joshua Reynolds was one of the most distinguished painters of his day; and, in answer to the inquiry, how he attained to such excellence, he replied: "By observing one simple rule, viz., to make each painting the best." Depend upon it that the same thing is true in the service of God. He who wishes to preach well should endeavor each time to preach his best. The audience may be small, and the hearers illiterate; but the best possible sermon will not be thrown away upon them. It may be that the minister is invited to make one among several speakers at a tea-meeting. Never let him talk mere nonsense to fill up the time, as so many did in the days past; but let him use the occasion as an opportunity for quietly uttering most important truths. It is for the preacher's own good that he should never descend into mere drivel. Beyond all expectation, he may be accomplishing a great work, when his only idea is that he is doing a little one as well as he can. Our firm opinion is that we often accomplish most when the occasion appears to be the least favorable.

HARPOONS ON BOARD

A sailor just off a whaling expedition asked where he could hear good preaching. On his re-

turn from church his friend said to him, "You do not seem to have liked the sermon?" "Not much; it was like a ship leaving for the whale fishing—everything ship-shape, anchors, cordage, sails, all right—but there were no harpoons on board."

PREACHING SELF AND CHRIST

When Bernard had once preached a very eloquent sermon on a public occasion, the people greatly applauded him; but his own mind was much dejected. On the following day he again preached, but with the utmost simplicity, which did not so well please his audience. When spoken to on the subject, he declared his conviction that in the latter instance only had he discharged his duty; "for," added he, "yesterday I preached Bernard, but to-day Jesus Christ."

PROHIBITION

THE ONLY SAFE WAY

Archdeacon Farrar, in one of his total abstinence arguments, remarks: "Cruikshank the artist offered one hundred pounds of proof of a violent crime committed by a total abstainer, and the money remains unclaimed to this day. I offer as much for proof of any one case—either in the church or out of it—where drunkenness has been cured without total abstinence. In the present shaky circumstances, the only safe way of drinking—as an Irishman puts it—is to 'leave off before you begin.' "

WHAT DRINK DOES

It clogs the brain.

It overworks the heart.

It checks the action of the lungs.

It flames and hardens the liver.

It arrests digestion by inflaming the mucous membrane of the throat and stomach.

It creates an appetite which is only increased by being gratified.

It destroys the nerve force, and paralyzes the energy.

It causes diseases to the third and fourth generation by the laws of heredity.

It not only ruins the mental and physical faculties, but weakens and wrecks the moral powers.

This is what it does for man as an individual. Now, what effect has it on society, business, politics and religion?

It blasts the home.

It degrades father and son.

It blights wife-love and mother-pride.

It blocks factory wheels.

It closes mines and mills.

It furnishes "no market" for all sorts of produce.

It delays sales of bread, clothes, shoes, lumber, furniture, groceries and fuel.

It causes strikes, fills jails, and piles cost on the county, State and nation.

Furthermore:

It corrupts politics and politicians.

It creeps into the ballot box and destroys free suffrage.

It places men in office who dare not oppose the traffic.

It hinders honest legislation and brews laws which are a stench in the nostrils of every patriot.

And, first, last, and above all, it damns men eternally, giving them no hope in life or in death.

SEVEN GOOD REASONS FOR PROHIBITION

An old farmer who had listened in silence to a lawyer's clever exposition of the prohibitory law, suddenly shut his jack-knife with a snap, and said, "I may not understand everything you lawyers say, but I have got seven good reasons for

voting for prohibition.” “What are they?” asked the lawyer. And the wise old farmer responded, “Four sons and three daughters.” Every man has at least as many reasons for prohibition as he has children. The parents of Samson were wise in looking to the proper ordering of their son’s life. They did not leave it to their own dictation. They went to headquarters and asked for implicit directions how to bring him up. Where would be any “temperance issue” at all if parents were to do likewise?

(Mrs. A. B. Bryant)

A LITTLE HERO

A drummer boy, who had become a great favorite with his officers, was asked by the captain to drink a glass of rum. The boy declined, saying, “I am a temperance boy, and do not touch drink.” “But you must take some rum,” said the captain; “you have been on duty all day, beating the drum and marching, and now you must not refuse. I insist upon it.” But the boy stood firm. The captain then turned to the major, and said, “Our little drummer is afraid to drink; he will never make a soldier.” “How is this?” said the major, in a playful manner; “do you refuse to obey orders?” “Sir,” said the boy, “I have never refused to obey orders, and have tried to do my duty; but I must refuse to drink rum, for I know it would do me harm.” Then said the major, in a stern tone of voice, in order to test his sincerity, “I command you to take a drink, and you know it is death to disobey orders!” Fixing his eyes on the face of the officer, the little hero said, “Sir,

my father died a drunkard; and when I entered the army, I promised my mother I would not taste a drop of rum, and I mean to keep my promise. I am sorry to disobey your orders, sir; but I would rather suffer anything than disgrace my mother, and break my pledge."

BOTTLES AND RAGS

Ella Poppia is a fifteen-year-old Chippewa Indian maid, attending the Government Indian day school at Odanah, Wisconsin. Recently, according to *The News Republic*, she was called upon to prepare an essay on the topic, "Alcohol and My Future," in which she used the following illustration: "A fellow was once walking down the street, stopping here and there asking for bottles and rags. He was met by another man who inquired: 'Why do you make such a queer combination?' He promptly answered: 'Wherever you find bottles you find rags.'" Whereupon the *Republic* remarks: "A real doctor of divinity could not have put it any better." But why the limitation, "real"? Could an "imitation" doctor, or anybody else, for that matter, improve upon that answer?

A FEW FACTS

Not long ago an investigation was made at a great British shipbuilding establishment to discover the loss to laborers from the habit of drink. Two groups of eight men (otherwise as equal as possible) were selected; one abstainers, the others moderate drinkers. They were kept ignorant of the test. At the end of the year it was found that

the sober man, on an average, earned \$250 more than the average drinker. The lowest steady man earned annually over \$50 more than the highest drinking man! These losses were those due to illness and drunkenness. Subtracting what the drinkers paid for liquor, it was found that the abstainer, on the average, took home to his family nearly \$400 more than his drinking mate. A mighty argument for abstinence from the point of view of industrial efficiency!

LLOYD GEORGE ON DRINK

Lloyd George said recently: "Drink during the war has used up as much tonnage as the Germans have sunk with all their submarines. Drink during the war has killed more men than have been killed by the German submarines. Drink during the war has destroyed more food than all the German submarines put together."

THE TWO WORKERS

Two workers in one field.

Toiled on from day to day;

Both had the same hard labor,

Both had the same small pay,

With the same blue sky above,

The same green grass below;

One soul was full of love,

The other full of woe.

One leaped up with the light,

With the soaring of the lark;

One felt it ever night,

For his soul was ever dark.

One heart was hard as stone,
One heart was ever gay;
One worked with many a groan,
One whistled all the day.

One had a flower-clad cot,
Beside a merry mill;
Wife and children near the spot
Made it sweeter, fairer still.
One a wretched hovel had,
Full of discord, dirt, and din;
No wonder he seemed mad,
Wife and children starved within.

Still they worked in the same field,
Toiled on from day to day;
Both had the same hard labor,
Both had the same small pay.
But they worked not with one will;
The reason let me tell:
Lo! the one drank at the still,
And the other at the well.

REPENTANCE

A BOY'S REBUKE

“And saying, Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.”

In the neighborhood of Hoddam Castle, Dumfriesshire, Scotland, there was once a tower called the “Tower of Repentance.” What gave the tower its name we are not told, but it is said that an English baronet, walking near the castle, saw a shepherd lad lying upon the ground, reading attentively. “What are you reading, lad?” “The Bible, sir.” “The Bible, indeed!” laughed the gentleman; “then you must be wiser than the parson. Can you tell me the way to heaven?” “Yes, sir, I can,” replied the boy, in no way embarrassed by the mocking tone of the other; “you must go by way of yonder tower.” The gentleman saw that the boy had learned right well the lesson of his book, and being rebuked, he walked away in silence. Does the reader know anything of the Tower of Repentance? If not, let him learn.

LATE REPENTANCE

A pious English physican once stated that he had known some three hundred sick persons who, soon expected to die, had been led, as they supposed, to repentance of their sins, and saving

faith in Christ, but had eventually been restored to health again. Only ten of all this number, so far as he knew, gave any evidence of being really regenerated. Soon after their recovery, they plunged, as a general thing, into the follies and vices of the world.

REVENGE

A CHRISTIAN GIRL'S REVENGE

Two men, living in the southern part of Africa, had a quarrel, and became bitter enemies to each other. After a while one of them found a little girl, belonging to his enemy, in the woods at some distance from her father's house. He seized her and cut off both her hands; and as he sent her home screaming with her bleeding wrists, he said to her, "I have had my revenge." Years passed away. The little girl had grown up to be almost a young woman. One day there came to her father's door a poor, worn-out, gray-headed old man, who asked for something to eat. She knew him at once as the cruel man who had cut off her hands. She went into the hut, and ordered the servant to take him bread and milk, as much as he could eat, and sat down and watched him eat it. When he had finished she dropped the covering that hid her handless wrists from view, and holding them up before him she exclaimed, "I have had my revenge!" repeating the very sentence he had uttered when he so cruelly maimed her. The man was overwhelmed with surprise and humiliation. The secret of it was, that in the meantime the girl had become a Christian, and had learned the meaning of the verse: "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst,

give him drink, for in doing so thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head." How beautiful the conduct of this injured Christian girl appears in contrast with that of her heathen enemy!

VENGEANCE IS MINE

A person happened to complain in the hearing of a pious man of some conduct which had been manifested towards him by his neighbors, and concluded by saying that he had a large portion of vengeance in store for them. "You have stolen it, then," was the answer, "for I know it does not belong to you of right, because God says, 'Vengeance is mine; I will repay.'"

REVENGE

During the American Revolutionary War there was living, in Pennsylvania, Peter Miller, pastor of a little Baptist church. Near the church lived a man who secured an unenviable notoriety by his abuse of Miller and the Baptists. He was also guilty of treason, and was for this sentenced to death. No sooner was the sentence pronounced than Peter Miller set out on foot to visit General Washington, at Philadelphia, to intercede for the man's life. He was told that his prayer for his friend could not be granted. "My friend!" exclaimed Miller, "I have not a worse enemy living than that man." "What!" rejoined Washington, "you have walked sixty miles to save the life of your enemy? That in my judgment puts the matter in a different light. I will grant

you his pardon.” The pardon was made out, and Miller at once proceeded on foot to a place fifteen miles distant, where the execution was to take place on the afternoon of the same day. He arrived just as the man was being carried to the scaffold, who, seeing Miller in the crowd, remarked: “There is old Peter Miller. He has walked all the way from Ephrata to have his revenge gratified to-day by seeing me hung.” These words were scarcely spoken before Miller gave him his pardon, and his life was spared.

SACRIFICE

DR. LIVINGSTON ON SACRIFICE

In refusing to be praised for his sacrificial life, David Livingston said at Cambridge in 1857: "Is that a sacrifice which brings its own blessed reward in healthful activity, the consciousness of doing good, peace of mind, and a bright hope of a glorious destiny hereafter? Away with the word in such a view, and with the thought! It is emphatically no sacrifice. I never made a sacrifice. Of this we ought not to talk when we remember the sacrifice He made who left His Father's throne to give Himself for us."

SELF-SACRIFICE

When the late King Humbert of Italy came to the throne, Naples, one of the chief cities of the newly-made kingdom, was in a state of barely suppressed insurrection against the monarchy.

Politicians were advising stern measures, which Humbert would not allow, when the dreaded cholera broke out, and raged with sudden deadly fury among the Neapolitans. The young king, fired with the noble resolve to prove to his disloyal subjects his devotion to them, started alone, unmoved by the remonstrances of his ministers—none of whom dared to accompany him—to the stricken

city; and went through the crowded hospitals of Naples, ministering to his subjects with his own royal hands; and many dying eyes and lips looked or breathed prayers, and thanked him brokenly for his marvelous self-sacrifice on their behalf. After a while the plague was checked, but it left Naples a conquered city; conquered by the love and pity of the king it had once refused; and, after, the noble Humbert had no more loyal subjects than those to whom he had proved himself a king indeed.

SALVATION

THE WAY OF SALVATION

There was a preacher of the Gospel who had gone down into a coal mine during the noon hour to tell the miners of that grace and truth which came by Jesus Christ. After telling them the simple story of God's love to lost sinners—man's state and God's remedy, a full and free salvation offered—the time came for the men to resume work, and the preacher came back to the shaft, to ascend to the world again. Meeting the foreman, he asked him what he thought of God's way of salvation.

"Oh, it is too cheap; I cannot believe in such a religion as that."

Without an immediate answer to his remark, the preacher asked: "How do you get out of this place?"

"Simply by getting into the cage," was the reply.

"And does it take long to get to the top?"

"Oh, no; only a few seconds."

"Well, that certainly is very easy and simple. But do you not need help to raise yourself?" said the preacher.

"Of course not," replied the miner. "As I have said, you have nothing to do but to get into the cage."

"But what about the people who sunk the shaft

and perfected all this arrangement; was there much labor about it?"

"Indeed, yes; that was a laborious and expensive work. The shaft is eighteen hundred feet deep, and it was sunk at great cost to the proprietor; but it is our only way out, and without it we should never be able to get to the surface."

Just so. And when God's Word tells you that whosoever believeth on the Son of God hath everlasting life, you at once say "Too cheap!" forgetting that God's work to bring you and others out of this pit of destruction and death was accomplished at a vast cost, the price being the death of His own Son.

ALMOST SAVED

A great Atlantic steamer was making her way across the Atlantic when the passengers were startled by the cry, "Man overboard!" There was a scene of great excitement, one man sprang to the rail and shouted out, "I will give \$5000.00 to the one who saves that man, he is my brother!" The lifeboat was lowered and the sailors made their way to the sinking man. Presently a cheer sounded out. The sinking man had been reached. When the lifeboat came near the liner, they fastened ropes around the man who had been rescued, the rope slipped, the man bounded away, struck the lifeboat and bounded into the ocean. I have seen men as near to Christ and then slip away!

CLEANSED FROM SIN

Strong drink had bound him with a heavy chain, but he chafed under it. He tried to reform by

joining secret orders; tried various cures, signed the pledge, tried joining churches, confessed to a Catholic priest—every way he thought of, and none of these could help him. “One night,” he says, “I sat on the curbstone with my feet in the gutter, a poor trembling whisky-soaked wreck, smoking an old pipe. A little band of Peniel Mission workers came along the street. One man stepped out, lifted up his hand, and said: ‘I want to testify that Jesus Christ can save the drunkard.’ ” He went with them to the mission not expecting salvation, but to get away from temptation for a little while. That night he was gloriously saved, and for nearly nine years has been engaged in mission work. J. C. Westenberg’s work on the “Barbary coast” is perhaps the best known of any in San Francisco.

(M. S. Buffrum).

SERVICE

A GOOD INVESTMENT

In a remote district of Wales a baby boy lay dangerously ill. The widowed mother walked five miles in the night through the drenching rain to get a doctor. The doctor hesitated about making the unpleasant trip. Would it pay? he questioned. He would receive no money for his services, and, besides, if the child's life was saved he would no doubt become a poor laborer. But love for humanity and professional duty conquered, and the little life was saved. Years after, when this same child—Lloyd George—became Chancellor of the Exchequer, the old doctor said: "I never dreamed that in saving the life of that child on the farm hearth I was saving the life of the national leader."

USEFUL VERSUS ORNAMENTAL

A rich nobleman was once showing a friend a great collection of precious stones, whose value was almost beyond counting. There were diamonds, and rubies, and gems from almost every country of the globe, which had been gathered by their possessor by the greatest labor and expense. "And yet," he said, "they yield me no income." His friend replied that he had two

stones which cost him but five pounds each, yet they yielded him a very considerable annual income. And he led him down to the mill and pointed to the two toiling gray millstones.

SERVICE

Some time ago a deacon died in a New England town. The people of the place begged that the funeral might be public in order that they might attend. They called him the "good deacon." He had lived in the small town all his life. He had seen business grow and a foreign population come in. To those foreigners, strangers within the gates, he had proved a friend, visiting them in their homes, helping and advising them, so that they came to love him. For his life he had, perhaps, little to show except the people's love; yet it was worth while.

THE PLACE OF THE VISION

I could not find him in cathedral aisle;
He was not in my secret place of prayer;
Not all the preacher's pleading could beguile
My weary soul from darkness and despair;
He would not show his blessed face to me,
Though I besought in tears and agony.

One day I had forgot my fruitless quest,
Intent another soul to help and rest;
I raised my eyes unthinking; and, behold,
Denied when I had sought it as pure gold,
The Master's smile! This was the Holy Place,
Where Jesus loved and loves to show his face.

SIN

A HEAVY BURDEN

“Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many.”

On one occasion, says Dr. John Wilson, of Bombay, I observed a large number of people, belonging to a village which I was passing, engaged in carrying a heavy tree with the branches cut off, which had been felled by themselves or by the winds. They put it down to draw breath for a little. Approaching them, I said, “I see a heavier burden still on your backs than that which you have now put down.”

“What!” they said; “you must be speaking parabolically to us.”

“Well, what is the ‘burden’?”

“It is the wife and children,” cried one, evidently expecting my assent.

“Oh, no,” I replied, “don’t say that. Your wife performs more than half the work of the family; and as for your children, you may have been asking them for years from the idols who could not give them to you, before you got them from God in the exercise of His own good pleasure.”

“It is,” cried another, “the Sirkar, or government, which imposes upon us heavy taxes.”

“Oh, don’t,” I said, “complain of the Sirkar.

With the taxes it levies upon you, it furnishes you with roads and bridges, and such like conveniences; pays for a police and army to protect your property and your lives; and maintains a judicial establishment to settle your quarrels and disputes."

"What, then, can you possibly mean?" they asked.

"I mean," said I, "the burden of sin."

And thus I had at once found my text and an attentive audience.

SIN READY TO ENTER

"Sin lieth at the door."

A young friend was one day calling upon an old Christian woman, nearly eighty years of age, just waiting for the summons. Said this friend, "Oh, granny, I wish I was as sure of heaven, and as near it, as you are!" With a look of unspeakable emotion, the old woman answered, "And do you really think the devil cannot find his way up an old woman's garret-stair? Oh, if He hadn't said 'None shall pluck them out of My hand,' I would have been away wandering long ago."

NOT SLAVISHLY AFRAID OF HIS SINS

"I am the Lord thy God."

When Ebenezer Erskine lay on his death-bed, one of his elders said to him, "Sir, you have given us many good advices; may I ask what you are now doing with your own soul?" "I am just doing with it," he replied, "what I did forty years

ago; I am resting on that word, 'I am the Lord thy God.' " Another friend put the question, "Sir, are you not afraid of your sins?" "Indeed no," was his answer; "ever since I knew Christ I have never thought highly of my frames and duties, nor am I slavishly afraid of my sins." At another time he said, "I know that when my soul forsakes this tabernacle of clay it will fly as naturally to my Savior's bosom as the bird to its beloved nest."

ONLY A BROKEN KNIFE-POINT

A ship was once wrecked on the Irish coast. The captain was a careful one. Nor had the weather been of so severe a kind as to explain the wide distance to which the vessel had swerved from her proper course. The ship went down, but so much interest attached to the disaster that a diver was sent down. Among other portions of the vessel that were examined was the compass that was swung on deck, and inside the compass-box was detected a bit of steel, which appeared to be the small point of a pocket-knife blade.

It appeared that the day before the wreck a sailor had been sent to clean the compass, had used his pocket-knife in the process, and had unconsciously broken off the point and left it remaining in the box. That bit of knife-blade exerted its influence on the compass and to a degree that deflected the needle from its proper bent and spoilt it as an index of the ship's direction. That piece of knife-blade wrecked the vessel.

Even one trifling sin, as small as a broken knife-

point, as it were, is able to rob the conscience of peace and happiness.

(*John McNeill*)

RUNNING FROM SIN

“Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away.”

A little girl, in the days when the conversion of children was not the subject of as much prayer as now, applied for membership in a Baptist church. “Were you a sinner,” asked an old deacon, “before this change of which you now speak?” “Yes, sir,” she replied. “Well, are you now a sinner?” “Yes, sir; I feel I am a greater sinner than ever.” “Then what change is there in you?” “I don’t quite know how to explain it,” she said; “but I used to be a sinner running after sin, and now I hope I am a sinner running from sin.” They received her, and for years she was a bright and shining light, and now she lives where there is no sin to run from.

DANGER OF SIN

We might illustrate the evil of sin by the following comparison: “Suppose I were going along a street, and were to dash my hand through a large pane of glass, what harm would I receive?” “You would be punished for breaking the glass.” “Would that be all the harm I should receive?” “Your hand would be cut by the glass.” “Yes, and so it is with sin. If you break God’s laws, you shall be punished for breaking them, and your soul is hurt by the very act of breaking them.”

SOUL WINNING

FISHERS OF MEN

I watched an old man trout-fishing once, pulling them out one after another briskly. "You manage it cleverly, old friend," I said. "I have passed a good many below who don't seem to be doing anything." The old man lifted himself up and stuck his rod in the ground. "Well, you see, sir, there be three rules for trout-fishing; and 'tis no use trying if you don't mind them. The first is keep yourself out of sight. The second is keep yourself further out of sight. And the third is keep yourself out of sight still. Then you'll do it." "Good for catching men, too," I thought, as I went on my way.

(Mark Guy Pearse)

FOREIGN MISSIONS

A discussion was once held in the presence of the great Duke of Wellington as to the uselessness and unprofitableness of foreign missions. Some one at last appealed to the Duke. "I have nothing to do with results," said he, "nor need I trouble at all about them, for they are not my business. But I must see to it that I do not dare to ignore the order of my Commanding Officer, 'Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.' "

BROTHERLINESS

A story is told of two Alpine travelers who were caught in a terrible snowstorm; and as they descended wearily and half dead with cold, they came upon another unfortunate traveler completely overcome, and lying in the snow. They knew that if he were left to lie there it meant death; yet they were anxious to reach a place of safety before being themselves overcome. "We cannot save him, let us look after ourselves," said one, and hurried on. The other remained; and half-numbed though he was, began to rub and chafe the frozen hands and feet of the senseless traveler, until the unfortunate one began to slowly revive. The exercise sent an electric thrill of warmth through the rescuer's own body, restoring his circulation which had begun to chill; and by the time the third traveler was able to walk again, the good Samaritan was in a healthy glow. Together they reached a place of safety; but the man who had tried to save his own life only, perished in the snow, overcome by the deadly cold.

FATHER SAVES HIS SON

A few hundred feet away from Port Murray Episcopal Church in Washington, New Jersey, is the Morris Canal. The Rev. Clarence Carman left his home at dusk the other night to conduct a prayer meeting in the church; but he heard the cries of children in alarm coming from the bank of the canal. He ran down to the water and the children pointed to a ruffled spot just over the

bank, and shouted to him that a little boy was drowning. The clergyman plunged in and brought up his own son, Paul, four years old. The little fellow was soon revived. He had been playing on the lawn in front of the rectory and wandered away unobserved to join the children playing on the bank of the canal. The man thought he was saving some other person's boy when he was saving his own. Ministers who try to save the souls of others are very likely to save the souls of their own. The true minister imitates his Master, who said: "For the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." (Luke 19:10.)

SUNDAY

KEEP THE SABBATH DAY

A century ago a Christian printer boy sought a situation in New York. On Saturday he was given a long "take" of copy, too large to finish except by working on Sunday. "I will work till twelve to-night," he said, "finishing if I can; but I cannot work to-morrow." "Then you'll lose your place," said the foreman. The boy approached his employer with the unfinished copy, and offered to resign rather than violate his conscience. His master saw the type of lad, freed him of all Sunday work, and advanced him steadily. The boy became John Harper, founder of the publishing house of Harper Brothers, whose high-class publications have influenced the world.

THANKSGIVING

A SONG OF THANKSGIVING

“Lord, I have loved the habitation of Thy house.”

Pineton of Chambrun, one of the French Huguenots, who after fleeing by night and hiding in woods by day, escaped at length from France in the time of the dragonnades of Louis XIV, tells that, when he and his companions came in sight of Geneva, they burst into tears and sang for thanksgiving from ver. 8 of this Psalm to the end. “Lord I have loved the habitation of Thy house, and the place where Thine honor dwelleth. . . . My foot standeth in an even place; in the congregation will I bless the Lord.”

WE ARE COMING

We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred
thousand more,
From Mississippi's winding stream and from New
England's shore;
We leave our plows and workshops, our wives and
children dear,
With hearts too full for utterance, with but a silent
tear;
We dare not look behind us, but steadfastly
before;
We are coming Father Abraham, three hundred
thousand more!

If you look across the hilltops that meet the
northern sky,
Long moving lines of rising dust your vision may
descrie;
And now the wind, an instant, tears the cloudy
veil aside,
And floats aloft our spangled flag in glory and in
pride,
And bayonets in the sunlight gleam, and bands
brave music pour;
We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred
thousand more!

If you look all up our valleys where the growing
harvests shine,
You may see our sturdy farmer boys fast forming
into line;
And children from their mother's knees are pull-
ing at the weeds,
And learning how to reap and sow against their
country's needs;
And a farewell group stands weeping at every cot-
tage door;
We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred
thousand more!

You have called us, and we're coming, by Rich-
mond's bloody tide,
To lay us down, for Freedom's sake, our brother's
bones beside,
Or from foul treason's savage grasp to wrench
the murderous blade,
And in the face of foreign foes its fragments to
parade.

Six hundred thousand loyal men and true have
gone before;

We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred
thousand more!

(James Sloan Gibbons)

IN EVERYTHING GIVE THANKS

We thank Thee, gracious giver,
For all Thy tender care,
And ask that we may ever
Thy choicest blessings share.
We thank Thee for the comforts,
The common joys of life,
For health and strength to labor,
Freedom from want and strife.

Thanks for the special blessings,
The friends that cheer our way,
'Tis joy for them to labor,
'Tis sweet for them to pray.
Thanks for the special blessings
Thy matchless love has given;
Faith in the world's Redeemer,
Hope of a home in Heaven.

Thanks for the disappointments
That oft our hopes assail,
They teach us to look forward
To joys that cannot fail.
We thank Thee for the shadows
That often cloud our way,
Our hearts are prone to wander,
Our feet so oft will stray.

Our trials keep us humble,
We feel the need of prayer,
While bending at Thy footstool,
We find a blessing there.
And so, though tears are falling
O'er joys forever flown,
We thank Thee for the sorrows
Our human hearts have known.

(Mrs. Mary B. Wingate)

WE GIVE THANKS

"For the power to work, and the will to be Thine,
For the weakness that strengthens, the girdings
divine,
We give thanks.

For the friends at our side and the friends that
wait,
Who are watching for us at the Beautiful Gate,
We give thanks.

For the path that, though rough, by the Savior
was trod,
For the mansions so sure in the City of God,
We give thanks."

THANKSGIVING DAY

Dr. Franklin says that, in a time of great despondency among the first settlers of New England, it was proposed in one of their public assemblies to proclaim a fast. An old farmer arose, spoke of their provoking heaven with their complaints, reviewed their mercies, showed them they had

much to be thankful for, and moved that, instead of appointing a day for fasting, they should appoint a day of thanksgiving. This was accordingly done, and the custom has been continued ever since in America, and has spread to every Christian country and community, until each little village chapel is made lovely with fruits and flowers at the time of harvest, on "Thanksgiving Day."

TRINITY

THE ARITHMETIC OF HEAVEN

“The Lord Our God is One Lord.”

Daniel Webster had been attending Divine service in the Park-street Church, Boston. It is a staunch, orthodox church, and at that time was not in high favor with the Unitarians. Coming away from church, he was met by a Unitarian gentleman, who said to him, “So you have been to church, where they teach that three times one are one!” Mr. Webster replied with that solemn voice of his, now more intensely solemn than usual, “My friend, you and I do not understand the arithmetic of heaven.”

If any man less than Mr. Webster had made this reply, it might be considered an evasion of the difficulty suggested. Mr. Webster had been attending a church where the doctrine of the Trinity is taught, Three Persons, in one Godhead, Father, Son and Holy Spirit, Three in One. No human intellect can comprehend the mode of such existence; and some there are who reject the truth, because it does not seem to them reasonable that One should be Three, and Three should be One.

TRUST

TRUST THE PROMISES

Last winter a man crossed the Mississippi on the ice, and, fearing it was too thin, began to crawl on his hands and knees in great terror; but when he gained the opposite shore, all worn out, another man drove past him gaily, sitting upon a sled loaded with pig-iron. That is just the way most Christians go up to the heavenly Canaan, trembling at every step lest the promises shall break under their feet, when really they are secure enough for us to hold our heads and sing with confidence as we march to the better land.

UNITY

Thousands of grains of powder, scattered and burned, one by one, would produce no concussion; placed together, they could lift a mountain.

(Boardman)

VICTORY WON THROUGH UNITY

What defeat we would have experienced of our battleships in the Pacific or in the Atlantic had they turned their guns upon each other instead of the enemy. The church has been guilty of this weakness and folly, but is opening its eyes to-day toward the enemy and the necessity of coöperation.

At the charge of Fort Donaldson, in the Civil War, the enemy's works had been attacked many times by the different companies. At last, wearied of their fruitless efforts, the Union forces for the most part massed themselves at the foot of the hill, and advanced together. They came on in such numbers, and with unbroken lines, that nothing could withstand their progress. They gained the heights, and, united, won a victory which their divided forces could never have obtained.

Division has driven men away from the church, and wherever it exists to-day it breeds disgust. People are afraid of a riot, and they will go around an entire block to get out of its way. The church must understand that principle. The ne-

cessity is for a growing recognition of the good in all denominations, and that which is fundamental in doctrines and life, and which is common to all. There is a basis in our Christianity upon which we all can work. There is a center around which we all can move.

WEALTH

THE LOVE OF MONEY

Robert Hall once wrote the word "God" on a small slip of paper, showed it to a friend, and asked whether he could read it. He replied, "Yes." He then covered the word with a guinea, and again asked, "Can you see it?" and was answered, "No." He did this to show his friend how easy it is for the world to shut out of the mind a sight and sense of God. The love of gold may so fill the mind that there is no place in it for the great God of the universe. In the view of such a mind, a guinea is larger than God.

RICH FOR A MOMENT

The British ship *Britannia* was wrecked off the coast of Brazil, and had on board a large consignment of Spanish dollars. In the hope of saving some of them, a number of barrels were brought on deck, but the vessels went to pieces so fast that the only hope for life was by taking at once to the boats. The last boat was about to push off, when a young midshipman went back to see if any one was still on board. To his surprise there sat a man on deck with a hatchet in his hand, with which he had broken open several casks, the contents of which he was now heaping up about him. "What

are you doing there?" shouted the youth. "Don't you know the ship is fast going to pieces?" "The ship may go," said the man; "I have lived a poor wretch all my life, and I am determined to die rich." His remonstrances were answered only by another flourish of the hatchet, and he was left to his fate.

A SUDDEN CALL

A wealthy but niggardly gentleman was waited on by the advocates of a charitable institution, for which they solicited his aid, reminding him of the Divine declaration. "He that hath pity on the poor, lendeth unto the Lord, and that which he hath given will he pay him again." To this he replied, "The security, no doubt, is good, and the interest liberal; but I cannot give such long credit." Poor rich man! the day of payment was much nearer than he anticipated. Not a fortnight had elapsed from his refusing to honor this claim of God upon his substance, before he received a summons with which he could not refuse to comply. It was, "This night thy soul shall be required of thee, then whose shall those things be which thou hast withheld?"

MISCELLANEOUS

MY ENEMY

A slave, who had by the force of his sterling worth risen high in the confidence of his master, saw one day, trembling in the slave market, a negro, whose gray head and bent form showed him to be in the last weakness of old age. He implored his master to purchase him. He expressed his surprise, but gave his consent. The old man was bought and conveyed to the estate. When there, he who had pleaded for him took him to his own cabin, placed him in his own bed; fed him at his own board; gave him water from his own cup; when he shivered, carried him into the sunshine; when he drooped in the heat, bore him softly to the shade. "What is the meaning of all that?" asked a witness. "Is he your father?" "No." "Is he your brother?" "No." "Is he, then, your friend?" "No, he is my enemy. Years ago he stole me from my native village and sold me for a slave; and the good Lord has said, 'If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head.' "

GOOD FRUITS

A Roman Catholic priest in Belgium rebuked a young woman and her brother for reading that "bad book," pointing to the Bible. "Sir," she replied, "a little while ago my brother was an idler, a gambler, and a drunkard. Since he began

to study the Bible, he works with industry, goes no longer to the tavern, no longer touches cards, brings home money to his poor old mother, and our life at home is quiet and delightful. How comes it, sir, that a bad book produces such good fruits?"

LUTHER'S ARGUMENT WITH SATAN

Luther says: "Once upon a time the devil said to me, 'Martin Luther, you are a great sinner, and you will be damned!' 'Stop! Stop!' said I, 'one thing at a time. I am a great sinner, it is true, though you have no right to tell me of it. I confess it. What next?' 'Therefore you will be damned.' 'That is not good reasoning. It is true I am a great sinner, but it is written, 'Jesus Christ came to save sinners'; therefore I shall be saved. Now go your way.' So I cut the devil off with his own sword, and he went away mourning because he could not cast me down by calling me a sinner."

LITTLE THINGS

Often little things in life are like the slight movements of a railroad switch, which change the destination of trains. "The flight of birds from north to south changed the course of Columbus' ship to the southern half of this western hemisphere and led to the settlement of that section by the Latin race. God's providence chose this northern continent for a Protestant people with an open Bible." An ax, carelessly placed near the compass of the Mayflower changed the direction of the ship, and led to the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth instead of New York.

MORE THAN WE ASK

The father of Charles H. Spurgeon was a Congregational preacher. When Charles was converted he joined a Baptist church, and his mother said: "Charles, we always prayed that you might become a Christian, but not that you might become a Baptist." "Yes," the lad replied, "the Lord often gives us more than we ask."

A GOOD NEIGHBOR

Some months ago a deacon died in a Massachusetts town. He had lived in that town all his life. When he was a boy the town was inhabited by Americans but he had seen it change and become the home of Poles, Italians, and other nationalities. When he died the people asked that the funeral might take place from the church so that everybody might come. It was the largest funeral ever held in that place. Why? Because the man had been neighborly. He was not rich but he often went to the homes of the poor people of the place and left a little gift, listened to their troubles and helped them as he could. He was called the "good deacon."

Moral:—Everybody can be a good neighbor.

KEEP THE LIGHTS BRIGHT

The keeper of a lighthouse at Calais was boasting of the brightness of his lantern, which can be seen ten leagues at sea. A visitor said to him, "What if one of the lights should chance to go out?" "Never! impossible!" he cried, horrified at the thought. "Sir," said he, pointing to the ocean, "yonder, where nothing can be seen, there

are ships going out to all parts of the world. If to-night one of my burners went out, within six months would come a letter, perhaps from India, perhaps from America, perhaps from some place I never heard of, saying, such a night, at such an hour, the light of Calais burned dim, the watchman neglected his post and vessels were in danger! —Ah, sir, sometimes in the dark nights, in stormy weather, I look out to sea, and feel as if the eyes of the whole world were looking at my light. Go out? Burn dim? Never!”

THE LAST WORDS OF IGNATIUS

Ignatius, who was martyred A. D. 107, said: “Let fire and the cross, let wild beasts, let all the malice of the devil come upon me; only may I enjoy Jesus Christ. It is better for me to die for Christ than to reign over the ends of the earth. Stand firm,” he added, “as an anvil when it is beaten upon. It is part of a brave combatant to be wounded, and yet to overcome.” In losing life, he found it.

WHAT PERSUASION?

A visitor said to a poor wounded soldier, who lay dying in the hospital, “What Church are you of?” “Of the Church of Christ,” he replied. “I mean, what persuasion are you of?” “Persuasion?” said the dying man, as he looked heavenward, beaming with love to the Savior, “I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Jesus Christ.”

THE MYSTERY OF GOD'S LOVE

A gentleman, who thought Christianity was merely a heap of puzzling problems, said to an old minister, "That is a very strange verse in the ninth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, 'Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated.' "

"Very strange," replied the minister; "but what is it, sir, that you see most strange about it?"

"Oh, that part of course," said the gentleman, patronizingly, and with an air of surprise, " 'Esau have I hated,' is certainly very strange."

"Well, sir," said the minister, "how wonderfully are we made, and how differently constituted. The strangest part of all to me is that He could ever have loved Jacob."

There is no mystery so glorious as the mystery of God's love.

THE INDIAN'S OLD BLANKET

An Indian and a white man were both struck under conviction by the same sermon. The Indian was shortly after brought to rejoice in pardoning mercy. The white man was for a long time under distress of mind, and at times almost ready to despair; but at length he was also brought to a comfortable experience of forgiving love. Some time afterwards, meeting his red brother, he thus addressed him: "How is it that I should be so long under conviction, when you found comfort so soon?" "O, brother," replied the Indian, "me tell you. There come along a rich prince; he promised to give you a new coat; you look at your coat and say, 'I don't know, my coat pretty good,

I believe it will do a little longer.' He then gave me a new coat. I look on my old blanket; and I say, 'This good for nothing.' I fling it right away and take my new coat. Just so, brother; you try to make your old righteousness do for some time, you loth to give it up; but I, poor Indian, had none, therefore I am glad to receive at once the righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ."

A SERMON FROM SHOES

There lived forty years ago, in Berlin, a shoemaker who had a habit of speaking harshly of all his neighbors who did not think quite as he did about religion. The old pastor of the parish in which the shoemaker lived heard of this and felt that he must give him a lesson.

He did it in this way. He sent for the shoemaker one morning, and when he came in, said to him:

"Master, take my measure for a pair of shoes."

"With pleasure, your reverence," answered the shoemaker; "please take off your boot."

The clergyman did so, and the shoemaker measured his foot from toe to heel, and over the instep, noted all down in his pocket-book, and then prepared to leave the room.

But as he was putting up the measure, the pastor said to him:

"Master, my son also requires a pair of boots."

"I will make them with pleasure, your reverence. Can I take the young man's measure?"

"It is not necessary," said the pastor; "the lad is fourteen, but you can make my boots and his from the same last."

“Your reverence, that will never do,” said the shoemaker, with a smile of surprise.

“I tell you, sir, to make my son’s on the same last.”

“No, your reverence; I cannot do it.”

“It must be—on the same last.”

“But, your reverence, it is not possible, if the boots are to fit,” said the shoemaker, thinking to himself that the old pastor’s wits were leaving him.

“Ah, then, master shoemaker,” said the clergyman, “every pair of boots must be made on their own last, if they are to fit; and yet you think that God is to form all Christians exactly according to your own last, of the same measure and growth in religion as yourself. That will not do either.”

The shoemaker was abashed. Then he said:

“I thank your reverence for this sermon, and I will try to remember it, and to judge my neighbors less harshly in the future.”

MILLIONS FOR AN INCH OF TIME

“Millions of money for an inch of time!” cried Elizabeth, the gifted ambitious Queen of England, upon her death-bed. Unhappy woman! reclining upon a royal couch—with ten thousand dresses in her wardrobe—a kingdom on which the “sun never sets” at her feet; all are now valueless, and she shrieks in vain for a single “inch of time!” She had enjoyed threescore and ten years. Like too many of us, she had so devoted them to wealth, to pleasure, to pride, to ambition, that her whole preparation for eternity was crowded into her final moments; and hence she who had wasted

more than half a century would barter millions for an inch of time.

PROGRESS

When Michael Angelo, the great sculptor, was employed on one of his noblest works of art, a friend called in to see him, and during his visit expressed great surprise at finding his statue apparently just the same as when he had seen it a few weeks before. "Stay, my friend," said the artist, "I can assure you I have been hard at work upon it since I saw you last; I have deepened this furrow in the brow, and slightly depressed the eyelid; I have added another line to the mouth, and——" "Yes, yes," said the friend, "I see all that, but they are trifles." "That is true," replied M. Angelo, "still it is these trifles which make perfection and do you call perfection a trifle?"

NOT WHAT I WAS

John Newton, in his old age, when his sight had become so dim as to be unable to read, on hearing this Scripture repeated, "By the grace of God," etc., paused for some moments, and then uttered this affecting soliloquy, "I am not what I ought to be. Ah! how imperfect and deficient! I am not what I wish to be. I abhor what is evil, and I cleave to what is good. I am not what I hope to be. Soon, soon, shall I put off, with mortality, all sin and imperfection. Though I am not what I ought to be, what I wish to be, yet I can truly say I am not what I once was, a slave to sin and Satan, and I can heartily join with the apostle,

and acknowledge, 'By the grace of God I am what I am.' "

FRUITS FROM A SUNDAY CLASS

A school teacher was telling a friend in a street of Philadelphia that he was afraid he would have to discontinue the school, as he had seen no fruit whatsoever of his labors. At the moment a little ragged boy came up, and asked him if he would come and see his brother, who was very ill. He said he would come next day; but the boy said his brother was very ill, indeed, so he went with him down into one of the lowest streets of the city. On entering the room he was struck with the supreme misery of it. The father and mother were both drunk, and the sufferer lay on a mere heap of rags in a corner. Going up to him, the teacher said, "My poor boy, what can I do for you? Will I get you a doctor?" "Oh, no, Cap," said the boy. "Shall I find you a nurse, and have you removed to a nice bed?" "Oh, no, Cap, not that; but tell me, tell me, did you say that Jesus died for everybody?" "Yes, I did." "And that He will receive any one who comes to Him?" "Yes, indeed I did, dear boy." "Well, Cap, I know that He has received me"; and after shedding a few tears, the boy dropped back on the bundle of rags—dead.

THE BIRTH OF A GREAT HYMN

The greatest of modern hymns had its spiritual birthplace in a barn! About the year 1756, a bright lad of sixteen, the son of Major Toplady, was taken by his widowed mother to visit some

relatives in Ireland. During this visit at the hamlet of Codymain, an earnest layman was holding evangelistic services in a barn, for the benefit of the surrounding peasantry. The young lad, Augustus Montague Toplady, was attracted to the place by curiosity. The homespun preacher's text that day was, "Ye who sometimes were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ." Up to that time the boy had been a stranger to the great salvation, but the plain discourse led him to Jesus. He was converted that day, and the sermon that converted him gave, in the end, to Christendom the matchless hymn "Rock of Ages." Truly the faithful servant of God who scatters his seed upon the waters little knows whereunto it may grow, or after how many days he may find it. That plain Irish preacher was setting in tune that day a youthful heart which should yet yield the marching song of millions on their way to glory.

OCCUPIED WITH JESUS

An old Welsh minister, while one day pursuing his studies, his wife being in the room, was suddenly interrupted by her asking him a question, which had not always been so satisfactorily answered: "John Evans, do you think we shall be known to each other in heaven?" Without hesitation he replied, "To be sure we shall. Do you think we shall be greater fools there than we are here?" After a momentary pause, he again proceeded, "But, Margaret, I may be a thousand years by your side in heaven, without having seen you; for the first thing which will attract my notice when I arrive there will be my Savior,

and I cannot tell when I shall be for a moment induced to look at any other object." John and Margaret are now in heaven; and perhaps they have yet had hardly time to look out for one another.

THE INTERNAL CONFLICT

An Indian visiting his white neighbors asked for a little tobacco to smoke, and one of them having some loose in his pocket, gave him a handful. The day following, the Indian came back, inquiring for the donor, saying he had found a quarter of a dollar among the tobacco. Being told that as it was given him he might as well keep it, he answered, pointing to his breast, "I got a good man and a bad man here, and the good man say, 'It is not mine, I must return it to the owner'; the bad man say, 'Why, he gave it you, and it is your own now'; the good man say, 'That not right, the tobacco is yours, not the money,' but the bad man say, 'Never mind, you get it, go buy some dram'; the good man say, 'No, no you must not do so.' So I don't know what to do and I think to go to sleep; but the good man and the bad man kept talking all night and troubled me, and now I bring the money back, I feel good." This simple, yet striking account declares that Christians are the subjects of an internal conflict.

NO RETREAT

It is said that at the battle of Alma, when one of the regiments was being beaten back by the Russians, the ensign in front stood his guard as the troops retreated. The captain shouted to him

to bring back the colors. But the reply of the ensign was, "Bring up the men to the colors." The dignity of Immanuel's ministry can never be lowered to meet our littleness. The men must come up to the colors.

PEACE ALREADY MADE

When a poor bricklayer, who had fallen from a great height, was lying fatally injured, he was visited by a minister in the neighborhood. On entering the cottage he said, "My dear man, I am afraid you are dying. I exhort you to make your peace with God." "Make my peace with God, sir. Why, that was made eighteen hundred years ago, when my great and glorious Lord paid all my debt upon the cruel tree. Christ is my peace, and I am saved."

A PRODIGAL

A pious mother had a prodigal son. He was about to leave her and go to sea. As a last resource, she placed a Bible in his chest, with a prayer to God for His blessing upon it. Year after year passed away, and nothing was heard of the wanderer. But the eye of his mother's God was upon him. A long time after, a clergyman was called to visit a dying sailor. He found him penitent and prepared to die. He had in his possession a Bible, which, he said, was given to him by a dying shipmate, who, expiring in the hope of the glory of God, gave it to him with his parting blessing. On the blank leaf was found written the name of the pious mother's prodigal son.

COMING TO CHRIST

A young lady in a Sabbath school, a few mornings since, asked her class how soon a child should give its heart to God. One little girl said, "When thirteen years old"; another, "Ten"; another "Six," Then at length, the last child in the class spoke: "Just as soon as we know who God is." "I love them that love Me; and those that seek Me early shall find Me."

CARVING A CHARACTER

Did you ever watch a sculptor slowly fashioning a human countenance? It is not molded at once. It is not struck out at a single blow. It is painfully and laboriously wrought. A thousand blows rough-cast it. Ten thousand chisels polish it, put in the fine touches, and bring out the features and expression. It is a work of time, but at last the full likeness comes out, and stands fixed and unchanging in the solid marble. So does a man carve out his own moral likeness. Every day he adds something to the work. A thousand acts of thought and will and effort shape the features and expressions of the soul. Habits of love, piety and truth, habits of falsehood, passion, or goodness, silently mold and fashion it, till at length it wears the likeness of God, or the image of a demon.

A SERMON TO ONE HEARER

Dr. Beecher once engaged to preach for a country minister on exchange, and the Sabbath proved to be one excessively stormy, cold, and uncomfortable. It was mid-winter, and the snow was

piled all along the roads, so as to make the passage very difficult. Still the minister urged his horse through the drifts, put the animal into a shed, and went in. As yet there was no person in the house; and after looking about, the old gentleman—then young—took his seat in the pulpit. Soon the door opened, and a single individual walked up the aisle, looked about, and took a seat. The hour came for commencing service, but no more hearers. Whether to preach to such an audience was a question—and it was one that Lyman Beecher was not long deciding. He felt that he had duty to perform and he had no right to refuse to do it because only one man could reap the benefit of it; and accordingly he went through all the service, praying, singing, preaching, and the benediction, with only one hearer. And when all was over, he hastened down from the desk to speak to his congregation, but he had departed. A circumstance so rare was referred to occasionally; but, twenty years after, it was brought to the doctor's mind quite strangely. Traveling somewhere in Ohio the doctor alighted from the stage one day in a pleasant village, when a gentleman stepped up and spoke to him, familiarly, calling him by name. "I do not remember you," said the doctor. "I suppose not," said the stranger; "but we once spent two hours together in a house alone in a storm." "I do not recall it, sir," added the old man; "pray when was it?" "Do you remember preaching, twenty years ago, in such a place, to a single person?" "Yes, yes," said the doctor, grasping his hand, "I do, indeed; and if you are the man, I have been wishing to see you ever

since." "I am the man, sir, and that sermon saved my soul, made a minister of me, and yonder is my church. The converts of that sermon, sir, are all over Ohio."

A WARNING UNHEEDED

A traveler who was pursuing his journey on the Scotch coast was thoughtlessly induced to take the road by the sands as the most agreeable. This road which was safe only at low tides, lay on the beach between the sea and the lofty cliffs which bound the coast. Pleased with the view of the in-rolling waves on the one hand, and the abrupt and precipitous rocks on the other, he loitered on the way, unmindful of the sea, which was gradually encroaching upon the intervening sands. A man, observing from the lofty cliffs the danger he was incurring, benevolently descended, and arresting his attention by a loud halloo, warned him not to proceed. "If you pass this spot you lose your last chance of escape. The tides are rising; they have already covered the road you have passed, and they are near the foot of the cliffs before you; and by this ascent alone you can escape." The traveler disregarded the warning. He felt sure he could make the turn in the coast in good time, and leaving his volunteer guide, he went more rapidly on his way. Soon, however, he discovered the real danger of his position. His onward journey was arrested by the sea. He turned in haste; but, to his amazement, he found that the rising waters had cut off his retreat. He looked up to the cliffs; but they were inaccessible. The waters were already at his feet. He sought

higher ground, but was soon driven off. His last refuge was a projecting rock; but the relentless waters rose higher and higher; they reached him; they arose to his neck; he uttered a despairing shriek for help, and no help was near, as he had neglected his last opportunity for escape. The sea closed over, and it was the closing-in upon him of the night of death.

SELF-RIGHTEOUSNESS

Jamie and Eddie had quarreled. So, as Jamie had been most to blame, he was sent upstairs alone to think over his sins and repent. When his mother called him down, she asked him what he had been doing. He replied: "Praying." "Well, my boy, what did you pray for?" His reply was, "I prayed to God to pardon Eddie and make him a good boy, and bless all my deeds." A very good illustration of self-righteousness.

FAITHFULNESS REQUIRED

Many fill their life with regrets for being confined to such a narrow sphere of usefulness. If they only were in the ministerial office, or had millions of money, they would do so and so, but what can an ordinary laborer, a poor Sunday-school teacher, accomplish? Friend, be content to serve God where he has placed you; for there precisely you can accomplish the most. It is better to make the best of what you have, than to fret and pout for what you have not. The man with one talent is never accountable for five; but for his one, he must give as strict an account as the other for his five. It may require more

humility to husband one talent than five, and, so far as the improvement or misimprovement of either is concerned, they are both equally important in the sight of God. The king's million and the widow's mite are worth the same with the Eternal.

NEVER BE HAUGHTY

A humming bird met a butterfly, and being pleased with the beauty of its person and glory of its wings, made an offer of perpetual friendship. "I cannot think of it," was the reply; "as you once spurned me, and called me a drawling dolt." "Impossible!" exclaimed the humming bird. "I always entertained the highest respect for such beautiful creatures as you." "Perhaps you do now," said the other; "but when you insulted me I was a caterpillar. So let me give you a piece of advice; never insult the humble, as they may some day become your superiors."

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD OF CHRIST

One evening, two soldiers were placed as sentries at the opposite ends of a long passage, leading from the rock of Gibraltar to the Spanish territory. One of them, from the reading of the sacred Scriptures, was rejoicing in God his Savior; while the other, from the same cause, was in a state of deep mental anxiety, being under strong convictions of sin, and earnestly seeking deliverance from the load of guilt that was pressing upon his conscience. On the evening alluded to, one of the officers, who had been out dining, was returning to the garrison at a late hour, and

coming up to the sentry on the outside of the sallyport, and who was the soldier recently converted, he asked, as usual, for the watchword. The man, absorbed in meditation on the glorious things that had recently been unfolded to him, and filled with devout gratitude and love, on being aroused from his midnight reverie, replied to the officer's challenge with the words, "The precious blood of Christ." He soon, however, recovered his self-possession, and gave the correct watchword. But his comrade, who was anxiously seeking the Lord, and who was stationed as sentry at the other or inner end of the sallyport, a passage specially adapted for the conveyance of sound, heard the words, "The precious blood of Christ," mysteriously borne upon the breeze at the solemn hour of midnight. The words came home to his heart as a voice from heaven; the load of guilt was removed, and the precious blood of Christ spoke peace to the soul of the sin-burdened soldier.

THE INNOCENCE OF CHRIST

Pilate had found no fault in Him; yet Pilate had delivered Him up to be crucified. The Jews had been unable to charge Him with any fault; yet the Jews had crucified Him. They saw nothing but the hideous mists and phantoms of their own passions, of their own envy, and hatred, and malice; they clothed Jesus in the dark hues of those passions; and then they nailed Him to the cross. Not knowing what righteousness was, they could not recognize it when it came and stood in a visible form before them. Loving unrighteousness rather than righteousness, they tried to

quench the light of righteousness, and could not find rest until they trusted they had built up a thick firmament of darkness around them, and extinguished the heavenly ray which God had sent through the darkness to scatter it.

USE OF THE CROSS

Louis XII, King of France, had many enemies before he succeeded to the throne. When he became king he caused a list to be made of his persecutors, and marked against each of their names a large black cross. When this became known, the enemies of the king fled, because they thought it was a sign that he intended to punish them. But the king, hearing of their fears, had them recalled, with an assurance of pardon; and said that he had put a cross beside each name, to remind him of the Cross of Christ, that he might endeavor to follow the example of Him who had prayed for His murderers, and had exclaimed, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." God places the Cross by the side, or upon the offenses of the believing penitent, and forgives him.

THE REJECTION OF CHRIST

When Ulysses returned with fond anticipations to his home in Ithaca, his family did not recognize him. Even the wife of his bosom denied her husband, so changed was he by an absence of twenty years, and the hardships of a long protracted war. It was thus true of the vexed and astonished Greek, as of a nobler King, that he came unto his own, and his own received him not. In this painful position of affairs he called for a bow which

he had left at home, when, embarking for the siege of Troy, he bade farewell to the orange groves and vine-clad hills of Ithaca. With characteristic sagacity, he saw how a bow so stout and tough that none but himself could draw it might be made to bear witness on his behalf. To their surprise and joy, he seized it like a green wand lopped from a willow tree; it yields to his arms, it bends, till the bowstring touches his ear. The wife, now sure that he is her long-lost and long-lamented husband, throws herself into his fond embraces, and his household confess him the true Ulysses. If I may compare small things with great, our Lord gave such proof of His Divinity when He, too, stood a stranger in His own home, despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief. He bent the stubborn laws of nature to His will, and proved Himself Creator by His mastery over creation.

(Dr. Guthrie)

A WILLING SACRIFICE

A child had a beautiful canary, which sang to him from early morning. The mother of the child was ill—so ill that the song of the little bird, which to the boy was delicious music, disturbed and distressed her so that she could scarcely bear to hear it. He put it in a room far away, but the bird's notes reached the sick bed, and caused pain to her in her long, feverish days. One morning, as the child stood holding his mother's hand he saw that when his pet sang, an expression of pain passed over the dear face. She had never yet told him that she could not bear the noise, but she did

so now. "It is no music to me," she said, as he asked her if the notes were not pretty. He looked at her in wonder. "And do you really dislike the sound?" "Indeed, I do," she said. The child, full of love to his mother, left the room. The golden feathers of the pretty canary were glistening in the sunshine, and he was trilling forth his loveliest notes; but they had ceased to please the boy. They were no longer pretty or soothing to him, and taking the cage in his hand he left the house. When he returned he told his mother that the bird would disturb her rest no more, for he had given it to his little cousin. "But you loved it so," said she; "how could you part with the canary?" "I loved the canary, mother," he replied; "but I love you more. I could not really love anything that gave you pain. It would not be true love if I did."

TOO LATE

Some years ago, a young woman of the name of Wilson, who lived near Philadelphia, was capitally convicted of crime, and condemned to die. The day of execution was appointed. In the meantime, her brother used his utmost efforts to obtain a pardon from the governor. He at length succeeded, and hastened to save his sister. His horse foamed and bled as he spurred him on; and there was no doubt of his succeeding, but an unpropitious rain had swelled the stream; he was compelled to pace the bank, while his heart was ready to break, as he gazed upon the rushing waters that threatened to blast his only hope. The very moment that a ford was at all practicable, he dashed

through the river, and arrived at the place of execution; but, alas! he was too late, and could only witness the last struggles of his sister on the fatal scaffold.

A HEART FOR HEAVEN

If I enter a place where there is a musical performance, my ticket entitles me to cross the threshold; but if I have no musical ear, I can have no enjoyment. In the same manner, if you have a right in something done for you that will warrant and enable you to cross the threshold of heaven, yet if you have no heart prepared for the exercises and the joys of heaven it can be no happiness to you.

REFRESHING WATER

A little girl who had been instructed in a Sunday school in the country was very fond of her Bible. There was a spring at a small distance from her cottage, from which the family supplied themselves with water. Her father had noticed that she was sometimes longer than necessary in going to the spring. One day he followed her unperceived, and saw her set down the pitcher and kneel to pray. He waited till she arose, and then coming forward, said, "Well, my dear, was the water sweet?" "Yes, father," said she; "and if you were but to taste one drop of the water I have been tasting, you would never drink the waters of this world any more."

FOOLISH DICK

Some years ago there lived in the West of England a well-known character called "Foolish

Dick.” Not being considered quite sharp, one day he was going for a pitcher of water, when a good old man hailed him with, “So, Dick, you are going to the well.” “Yes,” he replied. “Well, Dick, the woman of Samaria found Jesus at the well.” “Did she?” was the answer. “Yes,” said the good old Christian. Dick passed on, full of thought; the remark riveted on his mind by the Holy Spirit quickening him into new life. He thought, “Why should I not find Jesus at the well? Oh that I could find Him! Will He come to me?” He prayed, and found Christ at the well; left his waterpot to tell his neighbors what he had found, and from that time proved the reality of his conversion by his holy and active life, proclaiming Christ to others.

THY WILL BE DONE

There was a little girl, who began suddenly with pain in her head, and at last became quite blind. She was taken to a doctor, who was very famous for his skill in treatment of the eye, and he said that she would never see again. When they told her this, she exclaimed: “What, mother, am I never more to see the sun, nor the beautiful fields; nor you, my dear mother, nor my father? Oh, how shall I bear it?” She wrung her hands, and cried bitterly. Nothing seemed to give her any comfort. Presently her mother took a small Bible from the table, and put it in her hands. “What is this, mother?” asked the sorrowful little girl. “It is the Bible, my child.” The touch of that book set memory at work; and one passage after another came into her mind; and each one that

came brought light with it. Her tears ceased, and she turned her sightless eyes upwards; and then though all was dark outwardly, the light within made her face so shine with solemn joy, as, with the strongest feeling, though but in a low whisper, the sacred words left her lips, "Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven."

"Oh! be my will so swallow'd up in Thee,
That I may do Thy will in doing mine."

THE LIGHT IN THE WINDOW

Some years ago there dwelt a widow in a lonely cottage on the seashore. All around her the coast was rugged and dangerous; and many a time was her heart melted by the sight of wrecked fishing boats and coasting vessels, and the piteous cries of perishing human beings. One stormy night, when the howling wind was making her loneliness more lonely, and her mind was conjuring up what the next morning's light might disclose, a happy thought occurred to her. Her cottage stood on an elevated spot, and her window looked out upon the sea; might she not place her lamp by that window, that it might be a beacon light to warn some poor mariner off the coast? She did so. All her life after, during the winter nights, her lamp burned at the window; and many a poor fisherman had cause to bless God for the widow's lamp—many a crew were saved from perishing.

FOLLOWING CHRIST FULLY

"Two persons were walking together one very dark night, when one said to the other, who knew

the road well, 'I shall follow you, so as to be right.' He soon fell into a ditch, and accused the other with his fall. The other replied, 'Then you did not follow me exactly; for I have kept free.' A side-step had caused the fall. There is like danger in not following Christ fully."

(*Foster's Ency.*)

IN THE HOLLOW OF HIS HAND

It was a touching answer of a Christian sailor, when asked why he remained so calm in a fearful storm, when the sea seemed ready to devour the ship. He was not sure that he could swim, but, he said, "Though I sink, I shall only drop into the hollow of my Father's hand; for He holds all these waters there."

THE HELP OF FEELING CHRIST NEAR

A poor man in the hospital was just about to undergo a most painful and perilous operation; they had laid him ready, the doctors were just about to begin, when he cried, "Wait a minute." Annoyed at the delay, they asked him what he wanted. "Oh," said he, "wait a minute while I pray to the Lord Jesus to stand by my side, for 'twill be dreadful hard to bear."

NOT READY FOR DEATH

A little boy in an infant-class, one day said to his teacher, "Our little baby's dead." After speaking about it for a few minutes, the teacher asked the scholar, "Would you like to die?" He replied, "Not yet." The child, when asked what

he meant by saying, "Not yet," said, "Not till I get a new heart."

THE STRONGEST LOVE

A little girl between six and seven years of age, when on her death-bed, seeing her elder sister with a Bible in her hand, requested her to read respecting Christ's blessing little children. The passage having been read, and the book closed, the child said, "How kind. I shall soon go to Jesus; He will soon take me up in His arms, bless me too; no disciple shall keep me away." Her sister kissed her and said, "Do you love me?" "Yes, my dear," she replied, "but do not be angry. I love Jesus better."

DR. CHALMERS' CONGREGATION

It is well known that the genius and eloquence of this popular clergyman, during his stay in Glasgow, attracted immense crowds to his church, and the feeling of disappointment when a stranger entered his pulpit was but too visible for any one to mistake it. On one occasion the Rev. Dr. Love, of Anderston, having made an exchange with Dr. Chalmers, was so struck and irritated on entering the pulpit, with the reluctant advance of the assembling auditory, and the quick retreat of many from the pews, that he stood up, and addressing the congregation, said, "We will not begin the public worship of God till the chaff blows off." We need not say that these words had the desired effect, and that the audience became stationary under his severe rebuke.

This book may be kept
FOURTEEN DAYS

A fine will be charged for each
day the book is kept overtime.

NO 2 '76			
SE 12 '77 NO 14 '77			
JA 28 '78			
APR 12 1980			
DEC 14 1981			
OCT 27 1981			
APR 10 1987			
FEB 6 '82			
FEB 27 '89			
MAR 12 '90			
MAR 19 '90			

251.08 W385a
Webber, Alonzo Bern/Apt illustrations fo



3 4320 00074 5192

251.08 W385a

Ac. #14413

Webber, Alonzo Bernard.

Apt illustrations for public
addresses

GEORGE MARK ELLIOTT LIBRARY
The Cincinnati Bible Seminary

251.08 W385a

Ac. #14413

Webber, Alonzo Bernard.

Apt illustrations for public
addresses

